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# The ... DEATH RAY

By Australian author  
A. V. NEIL



**R**ALPH WARREN seemed nervous and excited as he approached the desk of Robert Attwood, head of Attwood Electrical Appliances Ltd.

Attwood glanced inquiringly at him, and for a moment his mind drifted back to the days when he and Alec Warren, this young man's father, were both struggling as business partners.

The two friends had been impressed with the possibilities of radio. Their experimental workshop was a crazy, makeshift affair. One night Alec Warren touched a bare copper wire, and Bob Attwood was left to struggle on alone. He struggled well, and the Attwood Valve, with the fortune it made, laid the foundations of the present firm. The man behind the desk lit a cigarette, and dispelled the past.

"You wished to see me, Ralph?"

"Yes, Mr. Attwood. You see, I'm late for work this morning."

"But surely, Ralph, that's a matter for the head of your own department."

"Well, yes. But I felt that you were the best one to come to. You see, I—he blurted it out—"I killed my dog last night."

"I'm afraid I don't understand, Ralph."

"I killed my dog—quite accidentally. But then I killed a cat deliberately. Then this morning I killed another cat and two canaries."

"Have you been drinking, Ralph? What is all this nonsense about?"

Ralph laughed. A high-pitched, nervous laugh. "You see, I'd been experimenting in the workshop at home. For six months I've been trying for something that would interfere with wireless transmission or reception. I'd been fooling one day trying to break an empty glass by vibration. I was trying to do it by raising and lowering the frequency of a small transmission set. I'd raised the sound pitch of a Morse signal until it was almost a squeak, but the glass never broke."

He paused for a moment, as though to gather together all the threads.

"No, I couldn't break the glass. But a day or so later I found that a small receiving set that had been standing on a bench near where I had the glass tumbler had the filaments in all its valves broken. It took me a long time to become suspicious that what I'd attempted to do to the tumbler, and failed, had succeeded with the elements in the valves."

"But what has this to do with your dog, and the birds and things?"

"Well, I built my projector, as I called it, for the transmission of these variously pitched signals. And here I made my second, and equally as accidental, discovery."

The man behind the desk leaned forward. "Nearly all discoveries are accidental. But go on, lad, go on."

"I discovered that by allowing the transmitter to be operated behind a certain metal its strength increased. Instead of decreased or weakened in any way. So I built another projector, something like a box camera, with a series of these particular metal plates in the front of the box."

He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. He was obviously upset.

"It's fantastic what happened then. I still feel stunned."

The elder man eyed him keenly. "Sit down, Ralph, and take your time. You seem to have had a rather severe shock," he said.

"Shock? I—I think I have. I'd stood a valve on a small box at the end of the workshop, and at the other end I had my projector on a table. I switched on the current, and stood for a second or two. The workshop door was open, and my dog wandered in. He walked toward the end of the shop where the valve stood on the box. I called him back, thinking he might knock it over. He took a step to one side. And then it happened!"

"What happened?" Attwood's voice was sharp.

"Prince gave a queer sort of yelp, and stiffened all over. He lurched and then fell down. I switched off the current—I don't exactly know why—and ran to the dog. He was shivering horribly, and he died as I held him. It had happened so suddenly, I felt queer. As I held him I looked up, and something drew my eyes to the projector. It seemed to look straight at me."

"You're not going to tell me that that thing killed your dog?"

"That's just what did happen. As the idea soaked into me I got scared and incredulous. I paced up and down the workshop for half an hour or more. And then in sheer desperation I went and got the cat and tried it out again. It—it worked—quicker on the cat!"

"And then?"

The voice of Attwood was tense. Ralph seemed to lose a little of his nervous excitement, and appeared more relaxed. "I put the thing away and went to bed. I tossed and turned all night, trying to forget it. But this morning I felt I had to try it out again. I—I killed the other cat, and quite by accident swung the box and the angle of the ray across the canary cage. The two birds heeled over in a flash."

**A**TTWOOD was silent for a few moments, then said: "You've told me no one else of this?"

"No, sir."

"H'm. Ralph, this is almost too big to contemplate. Why, the nation which owned this thing could dictate to the world. Are you going to allow me to see it, son?"

Ralph Warren laughed aloud.

"Why, of course. Whenever you say."

"Well, I say now."

As he stood up and reached for his hat and coat he added: "The death ray! It—it just doesn't seem possible!"

The voice of Ralph Warren broke in.

"Can I ring Mother, Mr. Attwood, and tell her that we are coming over?"

"Of course. By the way, is there anything left on which you can—er, demonstrate?"

"Yes, I thought you'd want to see the thing, so before I left home I bought a rabbit."

Ralph Warren wasted no time when they reached his workshop. The rabbit, nibbling a lettuce leaf, was in a cage at the end of the shop, some twenty feet distant. Ralph connected an electric lead to the projector, and pressed a button on the side of the box. A low humming sound was heard.

"Watch the rabbit, Mr. Attwood!" Ralph Warren almost shouted in his excitement. Attwood watched closely. He saw the rabbit look up, become suddenly restless, take a turn or two within the cage, stagger, and then drop, inert.

Robert Attwood wiped a sudden perspiration from his brow.

"Ralph, this is terrific!"

Warren looked up from where he sat on a packing case, his face suddenly drawn and stern.

"I should never have told you," he said. "They'll use it for killing men and little kids! People will curse the name of Warren. I'll smash it beyond recognition, and then try to forget it!"

The elder man eyed him thoughtfully.

"I think you're being foolish, Ralph. Still, it's your idea, and your business," he said.

Idly he ran his hand over the projector, as though curious. He moved it on its base, and swung it to the right. Still idly, as though lost in thought, he pressed the switch on the side. The low humming note

"What—what have you done, you—you fool!" Ralph gasped, convulsively.

came again. Without a change of expression except a narrowing of the eyes, he swung the box round and pointed its mouthpiece at Ralph.

"Mr. Attwood, be careful! Careful, I say! You'll be—" Ralph called.

He straightened with a convulsive jerk, and stood propped against the bench.

"What—what have you done, you—you fool!" he gasped.

"What have I done?"

Attwood's tones were almost mild. "Merely prevented the loss to the world of something a headstrong, idealistic young fool would rob it of."

Ralph Warren sagged against the bench, his knees buckling under him. He propped his elbows on the edge of the bench to keep himself from falling. Words came in fitful gasps.

"You—you murdering hound! I wonder if—" his eyes flashed for a moment—"I wonder if—Dad really died—the way—you said he did!"

"Your dad? Poor old Alec. He, too, discovered something brilliant quite by accident. He, er, was unfortunate enough to be electrocuted."

"You—you killed him?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes!"

"And the—and the Attwood Valve? Was that—that really Dad's?"

"It was, my young friend. I waited then for nearly two years before—er, rediscovering it. That was a lesson in patience that many another man would have been—"

He broke off, and gaped. He no longer faced a dying lad, but a grim-faced man holding a revolver in rock-steady hand.

"I've practised this act for six months, Attwood," Ralph said, grimly, "till I had it perfect. I've practised it ever since you showed me the original Attwood Valve, mounted in a show-case. The first one you made, eh? That valve, you murdering hound, is mounted on a piece of rounded bakelite, turned up to look like a motor wheel. Dad made me four of them for my mechanical set when I was a kid. A set of bakelite truck wheels. I'd know it in ten million."

"When he borrowed it from me, I remembered I whimpered a bit, and Dad laughed. He said that soon he'd be able to buy me a thousand of them. I didn't know what he meant, but I do know now. And then he died, Attwood—electrocuted! And so it was you who killed him, eh?"

Robert Attwood had regained some of his self-control.

"You've been working too hard, Ralph. What on earth is all this about?"

"You hypocrite, Attwood! You fell for what was almost a confidence trick. The rabbit? I'd told Mother to give it that lettuce leaf just as we arrived, and to say nothing about it. A leaf that I'd prepared with a drug beforehand. I timed it all very nicely, and you fell for my threat to smash the projector, as I thought you would. When you thought I was due to pass out you admitted killing my father, you swine!"

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# A DATE WITH A SOLDIER

Whatever kind of girl Ray liked was the kind that Margaret wanted to be.

By DOROTHY JOHNSON

RAY'S telegram reached me at the office: "Meet me Penn Station seven o'clock. Love." At five o'clock I zipped home by subway to my apartment in Greenwich Village. I'll bet I didn't breathe once all the way. Because Ray is the only man in the world who's personally important to me. But I wasn't at all sure that Ray hadn't sent the same telegram to half-a-dozen girls, just to see how big a delegation would meet his train at Penn Station.

Ray was always gay and casual and poised, and whatever kind of girl he liked, that's the kind I wanted to be. But while I was bustling round, cleaning up the apartment, it occurred to me that I wasn't, any more, the kind of girl he once said I was. "You're a restful creature, glamor puss," he had said—and I can remember just about everything he's ever said. "You never seem to be in a hurry, and you never get upset."

But that was before he went into the Army. All the fourteen months since then I hadn't seen him. I didn't think he was going to care much for the new Margaret Gates. She wasn't restful any more. She didn't have time.

While I was cleaning up the apartment, I decided that there was one part of my wartime life that he wasn't going to know about. Many people don't like air-raid wardens. Sometimes I don't, either. There are times when they seem like snoopy people working at inconsequential things, so, obviously, Ray would think they were pretty silly. And I'm an air-raid warden, so I just wasn't going to let Ray know about it.

The way I figure it is: Here's a job somebody has to do, and I can do it, and the Government or somebody has gone to a lot of trouble training me for it. I signed up a month after Ray enlisted in the Army. So I bundled my equipment into the kitchen cupboard. For that one evening I was going to be restful. I knew several of Ray's other girl friends who were still restful. They hadn't let the war disturb them a bit. Then I went shopping for steak. It took four days' grocery money, but it was worth it.

At Penn Station I was scared. There were such crowds of people that I was afraid Ray wouldn't find me, so I stood still in the mob, wearing what I hoped was a bright, expectant smile.

He saw me all right. I was going to shake hands in a feminine, clinging way, but he had different ideas. When he unwound his arms he grinned and said, "I didn't mean to be fresh. It must be the influence of all the public affection in this station." Then he put his hands on my shoulders, looked at me with his head on one side, and kissed me again.

"Public affection had nothing to do with that one," he remarked. "That was duly considered and officially approved."



*It seemed right to Margaret that Ray should be there in that chair.*

"Don't mind me," I said. "Things like this happen every time I go outside the house."

"Ever think of wearing a mask?" he suggested, and we both laughed. It seemed, for that minute, as if nothing had changed after all. We never used to need much to make us laugh. But that was before the war.

Ray sat beside me in the bus, holding my hand absently, and looking out as if he were memorising every dull little store and traffic light. All of a sudden I realised that he must be doing just that, and it scared me. He's going away, I thought, and he's storing up things to remember in a jungle somewhere, or on a desert. He's filing the details away.

Ray pulled his attention back from the dull street and asked, "What have you been doing, lamb?"

That was when I really lied. "Oh, the usual things. You know how it is. Work overtime now and then, go to a neighborhood movie, write letters or play bridge with some of the girls."

That sounded worse than I thought it would. Ray liked calm girls, but not dull ones. And my life was far from dull. "I went over to the blood bank a couple of times and met some nice people," I added meekly.

"They treat you well at those places, don't they?" he said. "I did that, too . . . Say, toots, I brought you a present."

"I should hope so," I said with some of the old spunk. "Out with it. Gimme."

But he grinned and shook his head. "You'll have to wait. What's become of George and Annabelle and the rest of them?"

I said George was in officers' training the last time I heard, and I hadn't seen Annabelle for a long time. But I couldn't explain or say, "Honestly, I've been too busy to keep track of people," because then he would want to know what kept me so well occupied. I remembered a couple of the others: "Alice was going to be a nurse's aide, she said, and Ora was learning to be a telephonist at a report centre."

"What's a report centre?" He didn't seem to care much.

"A place where air-raid wardens sent reports to—I guess," I told him. I could have told him plenty more and some lively conversation about what I really had been doing, but I was sure it would bore him. What does a soldier care if a bunch of civilians, wearing wrinkled armbands and silly big helmets, spend three or four evenings a week, and most Sundays, doing doctor-office duty or learning about back exits from fire-trap buildings, gas shut-offs, stretcher carries, and stirrup-pumps?

So there was a ghastly silence until Ray said, "You don't want to go to a movie, I hope . . . Good girl. I don't, either. Want to go dancing?"

"Whatever you say. It's your furlough."

"It's not a furlough," he said. "Let's go dancing."

I didn't understand military things enough to inquire what it was if not a furlough. Besides, so many things you ask soldiers turn out to be military secrets, and then you feel just silly.

We manufactured conversation as we walked from the bus, and it was awful. Ray was so far away.

The dinner came along all right. Ray sat in my big chair and read the paper while I did the steak. I liked having him there. He looked just right in that chair. He liked the dinner and helped with the dishes. I was feeling more comfortable by that time. We didn't talk much, because it was pleasant not to.

It was the most peaceful evening I'd had for months. I wasn't even anxious to go dancing and see a lot of strange people.

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LEONARD JAMES-GREEN



"SHALL I go for a walk while you dress up for your big moment?" Ray asked.

"You needn't. I have a dressing-room. Just look at the paper and try not to sink. Do you insist that your women wear floor-sweeping gowns, or is an afternoon dress all right?"

"Whatever you want to wear, angel, I'm dressed to go with it. This uniform is suitable for day-time, evening, parades, and sleeping on trains."

"That uniform is elegant," I said. "With the sergeant's stripes and everything. I wanted to ask you—what's the little red, white, and blue ribbon alongside the yellow one that says you were in the Service before Pearl Harbor? Or shouldn't I show off my ignorance by asking?"

He grinned and burrowed down into the chair. "You shouldn't. It's a military secret."

I never was quite sure when he was fooling, so I didn't argue. But I did say, "Some people must know what it's for, so how could it be a secret?"

While I was in the bathroom with the water running, Ray came and tapped on the door of the dressing-room.

"What's wrong?" I yelled.

"I think we're going to have company. Somebody rang the bell, so I buzzed back. They're probably coming up in the elevator now."

## A Date with a Soldier Continued from page 3

"I'll be right out," I said. "If it's somebody I don't like, will you throw them downstairs?"

"I think it's somebody crazy," he answered. "The bell rang four times."

I shrieked. "Ray, you're teasing me!"

I looked out to make sure whether he was grinning or not. He wasn't. He just looked puzzled.

"It certainly did ring four times. So I rang back four times, just to see what would happen. What did I do that I shouldn't, pet?"

"You spoiled an evening, that's all," I said bitterly, shutting the door in his face. I changed quickly into uniform, calling out as I did, "Look in the back of the kitchen cupboard where you put your overcoat. Get out the brown canvas bag in there, and the gas-mask and the white helmet! Quick!"

Ray never liked bossy women, but I thought everything was spilling, any way, by that time. Four rings on the doorbell is our sector's system of warning wardens of the yellow signal, so we can mobilise before the first siren.

I shot out just as he came back to the living-room, burdened down with all my gear. I put on my old coat, pinned the armband to the sleeve, and grabbed the gas-mask from him to sling the strap over my right shoulder.

"I'm sorry," I snapped, "but I can't help it. If I'd heard the ring I just wouldn't have answered it this time. But now they'll be expecting me, and I have to go." I grabbed the brown bag and slung it over the other shoulder. Ray held the white helmet ready, and I slapped that on my head.

"Sure," he said uncertainly. "Of course you have to go." He looked awfully surprised.

I picked up my keys off the table and said, "Black out at the second siren." As I ran for the door, I said, "I wasn't going to tell you about this silly business." Then I slammed

the door and ran down the steps without waiting for the elevator.

I communicated with three other wardens, then hurried back to my station at the corner street light just as the first siren loosed its uneasy vibrations and began to build up to a roar.

Ray was waiting at that corner. If he makes fun of me, I thought, I'll never speak to him again.

But he didn't say I was silly. He just asked, "Is it all right for me to be here?"

I dug into the canvas bag for my key to the street-light switch. "You should take cover at the second siren," I said. But he was so reasonable about the whole thing that I felt friendly again. "You can come with me. I have to spot violations from the roof. If we get separated, go to the apartment." After that things moved rapidly, and Ray stayed beside me all the time, rarely uttering a word.

When the all-clear siren began to sound and the lights came on again, Ray remarked, "Pretty sound, isn't it? All Clear. Sweetest sound in the world."

It's really a horrible noise, but of course he was right. I didn't say anything.

"Do you go home now?" he asked.

Then the helmet was heavy on my head, and the gas-mask and the canvas bag seemed bulky and ridiculous again, because the lights were on and he could see at close range what a peculiar creature an air-raid warden is.

"Not until I'm relieved by orders from sector," I said. The way I said it sounded rude.

A squad car slid to a stop at the kerb, and a policeman called, "Okay, lady! All over!"

"Thank you very much," I told him cordially. I fibbed, "I'm waiting for someone."

The cop remarked, "You've already got somebody. What more do you want?" and the car went on.

"Does that mean you can go now?" Ray asked, not sounding hurried, but just curious.

I shook my head. "I think they do so that to see whether we know our orders. We just thank them kindly and stay put."

Ray chuckled. "I didn't know you were so amenable to discipline, puss. You take to it better than I used to."

"I've had almost as long to practise," I admitted, feeling pretty sulky.

"How long have you been in this?"

"Almost as long as you've been in the Army."

"You wrote to me every week, but you didn't mention it. Well?"

So then I told him. "I didn't write at first because I thought maybe you'd be a little worried. Then it began to seem silly."

I must have sounded pretty mad, because he backed off and said defensively, "I was just wondering."

Just then Mimla called up from the block, "Dismissed, Margaret! Report at sector."

I called back, "O.K.! Thanks!"

"Can I come, too?" Ray asked.

I didn't want him to come along. He would see what a totally unheroic and heterogeneous lot we were, the wardens of the sector, bundled up in slacks and old coats,

loaded down with tin hats and stuff. But I was proud of all those people, too. They're my friends—we work together. I know their interests and their jobs, and the names of their dogs, and where they live, and which ones are dependable. They're my gang.

"Yes," I said. "Come on and meet my friends."

We went into the busy, smoke-filled little office that is a second home to all of us. We report there every day of our lives. And they were just as queer-looking as I knew they would be. They were milling round and talking, a few of them laughing, a few complaining about violators. I introduced Ray to some of my best friends, among them a warden who was a major in the last war, who was talking about Ray's mysterious little ribbon decoration.

"The Soldier's Medal, eh?" he said.

"You know how it is," Ray said, shrugging his shoulders. "You police the parade grounds and they hang a ribbon on you for not missing any butts."

"Sure, that's how I got mine," the major agreed, grinning.

The major had to leave then, to see somebody, so he and Ray shook hands, and we got out of there. As we walked up the street I didn't sense the gap between us that there had been earlier in the evening. We didn't talk, but it was all right.

Ray said all of a sudden, "Let's not go dancing. Let's just sit."

"That was a funny thing to make me feel so happy, but it was what I wanted to do, too."

Inside the apartment, he put his hands on my shoulders and smiled down at me, the way he used to, and said, "What's your name, lovely?"

"Warden Three-eight-seven-six," I said gruffly. "Post F, Sector Two, of the Sixth Precinct." I began to lay down my burden of tin hat and equipment on the low table at the foot of the studio couch, where I always kept them handy. There wasn't any reason for hiding them again. I felt lonely and far away from Ray and all the things we used to do. I felt defensive again.

"I suppose you think I'm crazy," I said.

Ray lit a cigarette and said, "Well, somebody's got to be."

Still mad, I answered, "I'm going to keep on with it, too."

"Why, sure," Ray said.

And I knew it was true. It always had been. Every now and then I get mad enough to quit, but somebody has to be crazy.

W E both sat down. I was all tired out, so I didn't bother to change out of my slacks and into the good blue dress that Ray had never seen.

"I really wanted to know what your ribbon was," I said. "What does a girl say to a soldier who has a medal?"

"Nothing, for gosh sake, nothing!" he snorted. "Then he looked sheepish and added, 'But I brought it along to show you.'"

He took a leather case out of his pocket.

The medal in it said "For Valor," and Ray's name was engraved on it. The medal hung from a wide ribbon with fine stripes of red, white, and blue, like the straight bar of ribbon on his uniform. There was a tiny little enamel pin with the same stripes, too.

"What's the little bitty one for?" I asked.

He took it out, fumbling. "A man can wear that with civvies after the war," he said. Then he glanced at me sideways and added, "And his girl can wear it until then, if she wants to." I said I brought you something."

I caught my breath. Then I nodded. So he fastened the tiny pin to the pocket of the flannel shirt I wear for air-raid practice.

"Keep it for me until I find a nicer girl," he said.

"She'll have to fight me for it," I answered.

After a while I asked what I had been afraid to ask before. "How many days will you be here?"

He shook his head. "No days at all, glamor puss. I'm not on furlough. I'm on short leave. Going back to-night. From now on I'll have an A.P.O. address."

He looked steadily at me, and I could look steadily back.

"This is the last one for now," he said, and took me in his arms again. "I'm going now. Don't come to the subway with me. Don't even come to the head of the stairs."

I helped him put on his overcoat. He was a tall, proud soldier with an important engagement somewhere.

We walked over to the door, and he said, "So long, dove. I'll be home for supper. Some day."

Then he closed the door and I heard his steps going away.

My armband lay on the table. The outlines were wavy, because I was crying, but the colors were clear. Red, white, and blue. The same colors are on the little pin I'm going to keep for him. The same colors are on insignia of all kinds here at home, and on flags on distant battle-fronts. They're in the hearts of uncounted millions of free people, and the hope of millions not yet freed.

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# THE ROAD TO TRIPOLI

By JOSEPH MARSHALL

**S**HIMMERING rays of the dawn day fell on the grim countenance of Major-General George—the King—King as he stood in the courtyard of a European-style villa somewhere in Algeria, glowering on the several members of his staff gathered round him.

"A regiment of tanks and armored infantry can't just evaporate into thin air, even in this climate!" he barked.

"But," ventured a brash captain only recently attached to the staff as air liaison officer, and hence not so familiar with the King's character as he should have been, "suppose it was only another of these phony rumors or possibly a sort of a mirage in the first place?"

The King looked at the captain as if viewing an enemy emplacement and debating whether to reduce it with field guns or dive-bombers.

"I mean, after all, sir," the captain added hastily, "our squadron has covered the whole region in the last two days and found not the slightest trace of such an enemy force."

"Do they equip mirages with two-way radio in these regions?" the general inquired. The captain flushed.

The King went on sharply: "I want no more of this nonsense about mirages and rumors. Somewhere between us and the Mediterranean there is a regiment of German tanks and armored infantry. The French reported their landing, G.H.Q. long-range air reconnaissance observed them heading inland some days ago, Signal Intelligence intercepted their radio communications and plotted their positions as they moved inland until two days ago."

"I'm not in the slightest interested in the fact that since then our reconnaissance has found no trace of them, and much less in various silly alibis for this failure. The only thing I want to know, and I want to know that in a hurry, is this: Where are they right now? Therefore, you will extend our ground and air reconnaissance farther in every direction until you find some traces of the enemy. That done, we can get down to the business of destroying him."

"Meanwhile, we'll continue advancing cautiously. That will be all, gentlemen."

The members of the staff turned and hastened off. All but the general's aide, the hapless Captain Martin, who, as usual on such occasions, was left to ride the waves of the general's temper alone.

The King turned to him now. "Have you located that radio of mine?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," the captain answered, with a strange hesitancy.

"Good. Where is it?"

"I'm assured, sir, that it is safe in the truck of the Special Services Section."

"Special Services?" the King exclaimed in surprise. "What is it doing there?"

"Well, it seems that someone—ah—dropped it during the debarkation of our supply train and it became necessary to make some small adjustments in it."

"Dropped it?" the general roared. "Who dropped it? Find him and I'll personally drop him from a plane into the deepest part of the Mediterranean. That radio was a gift from my kids when I got the second star, and I'd rather lose the star!"

"No one seems to know precisely who dropped it, sir. The port was being bombed at the time our supply train debarked and—"

"Well, never mind who dropped it. Where is it now?"

"At last reports, sir, it was in vehicle Number Nineteen of the Headquarters Company Train. That is the panel truck carrying the movie projector, sound system, sports kit and other equipment of the Special Services Section."

"But why this, of all places?"

"As I mentioned before, sir," the captain explained nervously, "it required adjustments, and Sergeant Hardesty, who is in charge of that truck, volunteered to make them. It appears that he used to be a radio service man before his induction."

"Hardesty!" the general cried hoarsely. "Not the one who wandered off with a vehicle during the

manoeuvres in Ireland—the same panel truck, no doubt—and invaded the Free State playing 'God Save the King' on the sound system?"

"I'm afraid so, sir," the captain admitted.

"And am I to presume," the general continued, "that Sergeant Hardesty and his truck—and my radio—have not been heard from recently? That, in short, they are lost again?"

"Right, sir. They were last seen the night before last, parked on the Boulevard de la République in Algiers, while Sergeant Hardesty attempted to purchase in the shops some part he needed to effect repairs on the radio. However, sir, we have communicated a description of the vehicle to the military police at G.H.Q., and they assure me that now that they have straggler patrols on nearly all the roads it is only a matter of hours before they locate them."

"And when they are found," the King roared, "I want them delivered to me immediately! I'll break that idiot of this everlasting habit of becoming lost! And I sincerely trust that radio is safe!"

At that very moment, other rays of the same dawn day fell on the bewildered faces of Sgt. Lyle Hardesty and Private Sam Wholf as they stood beside the panel truck and stared at a signpost at the intersection of two roads, likewise somewhere in Algeria. One panel of the marker read:

—42 Km. GUELMA  
SOUK AHRAS 21 Km.—

Immediately below there was a line of squiggles—presumably the same legend in Arabic. The other panel, at right angles to the first, and underlined by another set of squiggles, announced:

—60 Km. BONE  
CLAIREFONTAINE 101 Km.—

Wholf removed the helmet from his head, ran his fingers through his dusty hair, and sighed.

"You know where any of them towns is?" he asked anxiously.

Hardesty pursed his lips and slowly mouthed the words that were on the signpost.

"Guelma. That must be that last town we come through," he ventured, but uncertainly. "Souk Ahras. I guess that's what they call the Sahara Desert around here."

Wholf's face ceased being bewildered; instead it became belligerent. "Well," he announced categorically, "that's one place we ain't going to. I ain't gonna make no breakfast for some hungry lion."

"There ain't no lions in the Sahara Desert," Hardesty asserted.

"No? Well, it don't make no difference to me if there are or if there ain't. We ain't gonna check up on it, see? Furthermore, I'm getting good and tired of wandering all over the front half of Africa."

"Well, it's your fault as much as mine," Hardesty protested angrily. "If you hadn't of got the screwy notion back there last night to toss a nickel to see which road to take, we would—"

"Still be lost," Wholf finished

realistically: "only in some other part of Africa. If you had let me go back to Algiers from Boogy like I wanted to—"

"Uh-huh," Hardesty interrupted, "and if you had told that M.P. in Algiers if it was the Nth Division we was looking for, not the Nth Regiment, we wouldn't ever have gone to Boogy."

"How was I to know there was both a Nth Division and a Nth Regiment in Africa at the same time? I just asked him which way the Nth went, and he pointed to the Boogy road. And, anyhow, if you hadn't of been such a Boy Scout and volunteered to fix the King's personal radio, we wouldn't of been left behind in Algiers and never had the chance to get lost, in the first place."

"Never mind," Hardesty insisted confidently, "when I bring that radio to the King and it's working better than it ever worked before, I'll bet you I make staff-sergeant."

**A**LITTLE of the confidence ebbed from his face then as he asked, "How much gas we got left, by the way?"

"About five gallons in the gas tank and three cans in the truck."

"Well, we might as well get started then," Hardesty looked again at the signpost. "Lemme see, now."

"Come on!" Wholf shouted. "Here comes a convoy back of us!"

He leaped into the driver's seat of the dust-covered, mud-begrimed panel truck, and before Hardesty, who had to run completely round the vehicle to get to his side, could get more than one foot on the running-board, the truck leaped forward, turned in the direction of Clairefontaine, and began bouncing over a series of deep ruts.

"Not that way!" Hardesty shouted, leaping into the cab.

"Why not?" Wholf grunted, bouncing in on the seat. "It's the farthest from the Sahara Desert, and I still say we ain't going there."

It was mid-afternoon and, after literally clawing its way over two mountains and a rain-drenched valley in between, the panel truck entered Clairefontaine, and here the first person it ran into was a

"Anybody's liable to make a mistake," Hardesty protested cheerfully.

quartermaster-corporal sitting at the intersection of the road with the main street of the town. The corporal stared with evident astonishment at the truck.

"Where did you Joes come from?" he demanded.

"I dunno," Wholf admitted, "but if this is Clairefontaine it was a hunnerd and one kilometres away."

"But they told us that road was impassable."

"They didn't tell you no lies, son; they sure didn't."

"Yeah; then how did you make it?"

"Why, I'll tell you," Wholf said, lowering his voice. "We takened the truck apart and loaded it on goats. Then we put it together again and ate the goats. It's the latest operational procedure in case of impassable roads."

"Smart guy, huh?" the corporal growled.

"Yeah," Wholf admitted. "Now let's see how smart you are. You heard where the C.P. of the Nth Division is?"

"Sure; but since you're so gold-plated smart, maybe you can read my mind. I'm thinking of it right now. It's a word meaning you can go further."

"Now, wait a minute," Hardesty interjected soothingly. "Don't pay no attention to this Wholf. Look, we've got an important load in here that we got to get to headquarters of the Nth right away."

"Like what?"

"You know Bo-bo Crope and Dorothy Love? We got two copies of their latest moving picture 'The Road to Tripoli,' that they sent over by airplane, special, so we could show it to you guys soon as we got all the dirty krauts underground."

The corporal hesitated. "Them 'Roads' are good pictures," he said.

"Sure. You wouldn't want us to lose them, would you?"

"You telling the truth?"

"Absolutely. I'll show you the cans."

"Well, okay," the corporal said, crawling out of the truck after taking a look at the cans of film. "But next time don't give with so much smart lip, see? the Nth C.P. is about

The sergeant's star turn was getting lost—with utterly amazing results



thirty miles down the road in Tebessa. You can't miss it. And don't forget us quartermaster guys when it comes time to show them pictures."

The panel truck rolled out of town while Hardesty read Wholf a long and nonexpurgated lecture on keeping his trap shut.

"All right, all right," Wholf sighed finally. "I'm so sleepy, it's all I can do to keep my eyes open, let alone my mouth. I ain't slept since we left the boat, and that was nearly two days ago now."

"Why didn't you say so? Here! Pull over there and let me drive her while you take a couple of winks. It's pretty comfortable back there on that bed I made outta our barracks bags."

"I guess I might as well," Wholf agreed readily.

He crawled in back, snuggled himself round the barracks bags, and fell asleep with the practised facility of the old soldier before he could finish the sigh approving the bedding arrangements. He slept like a petrified log, and didn't wake until Hardesty began shaking him violently.

"Wake up, Wholf, will ya?" Hardesty begged.

"What's a matter?" Wholf muttered.

"Look," said Hardesty imploringly, "you know anything about stars?"

"Stars?" Wholf mumbled, half-asleep. "What kinda stars—general's, movie, or what?"

"The kind in the sky. Come on, wake up, will ya?"

"Ain't we there yet?"

"Yeah, we're there," Hardesty replied sadly. "The only thing is, I don't know where."

Wholf leaped to his feet, clambered out of the truck to the ground, and looked round. The truck was standing in the middle of an apparently endless, grass-tufted, rock-strewn plain. There was no sign of a road. There was nothing but the plain, and the stars overhead.

He swore violently. "How in purgatory did you get here?"

Please turn to page 20



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## RAYON HOSIERY



# THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

By ...

**Margaret  
Culkin  
Banning**

**P**AM NEILL has to cancel her wedding arrangements when her fiancé, LIEUTENANT KIP GALLOWAY, is ordered to England at a moment's notice. She throws herself doggedly into her work at the Metallo Company, where she is in charge of women personnel, and Kip's cousin, ALEC FRASER, is engaged in aircraft production. They both attract the notice of JEROME HAYES, important co-ordinator of military aircraft production, and he eventually arranges for Pam to visit England to study the work of British women in industry.

Meanwhile, Kip has met EVE KENNEDY, popular English actress, and on Pam's arrival in England he takes her to spend the week-end at Eve's country home. There are some other guests, but Pam passes a troubled night suspecting that Kip and Eve are in love. At breakfast next morning she tries desperately to shake off her depression.

Now read on.—

**W**ELL, what are we going to do to-day? What do the stately homes of England have to offer?" asked Kip.

"Not much any more," said Eve's father. "Not much but taxes."

"The best thing to do is to turn them over to the Government," said Mr. Hines.

"I expect I shall one day," answered Sir Philip. "If Eve agrees."

"I always wanted to be an old woman here," said Eve. "I suppose I can't. I could imagine myself here, old and grim and frightening."

"I wonder what you would be like," said Kip. "I can't imagine you as old."

"It will catch up with me. But maybe we'll win the war first," said Eve.

"We'll win it in any case," said Sir Philip. "That was a good business the other night."

"The boys seem to have done all right," said Kip. "So the papers say, anyway."

"How soon would you judge a performance like that can be repeated?" "It would depend on whether it had to be done. Ordinarily a little time would be useful. It takes a lot of organisation."

"But, of course, they are going on with raids like that, aren't they?" inquired Mrs. Hines.

Her husband shook his head at her and she said hurriedly, "I do beg pardon, Lieutenant. I shouldn't ask you such questions."

Kip said, "It's all right if I don't do any answering, ma'am."

They all liked him. There was something almost tender in the attitude of these older people toward Kip, and it frightened Pam as she observed it. They treated him with respect in which was mingled honor and—was it pity?

The telephone rang somewhere, and Eve got up and disappeared. She came back after a few minutes and sat listening to the conversation, stroking the back of the dog who kept close to her.

She didn't interrupt, but when there was a pause she said quietly, "Jimmy Kellogg died, Kip. An hour ago."

Nobody said anything until Kip spoke. Sir Philip's pipe was held at rest in his hand. The two older women glanced at each other, ex-

changing sympathy but not for themselves.

Pam knew that this young airman she had heard them talking of yesterday must have been close to Kip. She knew as if she had been told that he and Kip had shared this last task and adventure, and when Kip said, "He was such a nice fellow," she heard loss and acceptance and grief in that simple sentence of obituary.

He walked across the room and looked back at Eve.

"You were dead right, Eve," he said. "I'm glad you told him he was going to die. He'd have hated having it creep up on him. He was a great fellow for going out and meeting things."

Eve nodded. She said, "Everyone through in here? I told the maids that when they are through with the cleaning up they had better pick the gooseberries. We can do something with them."

"Let me pick gooseberries or wash dishes," urged Pam. "I'd like to do something to make myself useful."

"You can amuse Kip," said Eve Kennedy. "That's a big job."

Pamela wondered if she were being mocked. It shouldn't be a job to amuse Kip. Not for her. She had done it often enough before and it had been effortless. They went off together now and he was soon in a gay mood, wanting to show her everything that he had seen and that he knew about. He took her up on the downs and showed her the sweep of the sea over which the invaders might have come and the way protections had been set up.

He pulled her into his arms and kissed her and said she was his girl, and she believed it then because his arms were so strong and almost violent.

"You're the sweetest thing in the world, Pam. I'm not good enough for you."

"Neither thing's true."

"Oh, you don't know, Pam, do you love me?"

"You know I do." She must tell him. And with no argument.

"I know you do," he said, almost thoughtfully. "I want to live up to what you think of me."

It was a queer statement coming from Kip, whose assurance always carried him along.

"I couldn't be more proud of you, Kip."

"There's nothing to be proud of. Kellogg's girl has something to brag about though. Even if she doesn't know it. He had a girl. He told me about her."

"Don't think of him now."

"It doesn't bother me," said Kip, "not in the way you think. War's a funny thing, the closer you get to it. You don't get burned up by the same things you used to at home. Everything looks different when the old insurance tables are out of whack and you haven't any normal expectancy. I wonder if you can understand that."

"I think so."

"Everything's a close-up," he went on, fumbling for his own meaning. "It's big and out of proportion, I suppose. But at the time, that's the way a thing looks to you. A raid—a girl."

They were sitting on a little stone wall, crumbling away at the edge of the estate. After that first embrace, Kip had not tried to touch her again. Pam wondered if she should tell him that she had been thinking about giving up her work and staying close to him here. She wanted to tell him that and make him happy. Yet she didn't, as if some further release was needed for that offer of herself.

"Your job comes first, of course. The way it does with me," Kip said thoughtfully.



"I think Kip's in love with you," Pamela told Eve tonelessly.

He doesn't even say good-bye to Eve, thought Pam. That means he's already done it.

He couldn't be sure when he would see Pam again. They talked that over on the way to the station. He would call her and see what could be worked out for next week-end.

And once again he said he loved her, kissing her good-bye. He always said that well and easily.

She forgot what came in between. Vaguely Pamela remembered the difficulty in making connections at stations which had no names exposed and where every light was dimmed.

Once that night she heard a siren wail, but the train rushed on as if escaping and though the passengers in the carriage with her looked at one another no one moved. They waited, as if obediently, and nothing happened.

Part of the night she travelled and part she spent in a hotel in the small city to which she had been sent, carrying her bag across the square and waking a drowsy, one-eyed porter, whose malignance of face masked a friendly curiosity when he found she was an American.

She didn't forget his face or the one of the girl chauffeur who came to be her guide in the morning and take her to the first plant where she was to inspect the operations. But what she ate, what bills she paid, slid out of her memory, almost unperceived by it.

There was the ancient beauty of Kirkstone and then the machines. Shop after shop, plant after plant, mile after mile of lanes between machines, shining in their baths of oil, Pamela walked, guided by the expert men and women, watching the girls standing at their tasks, sitting on benches in assembly lines.

Please turn to page 14

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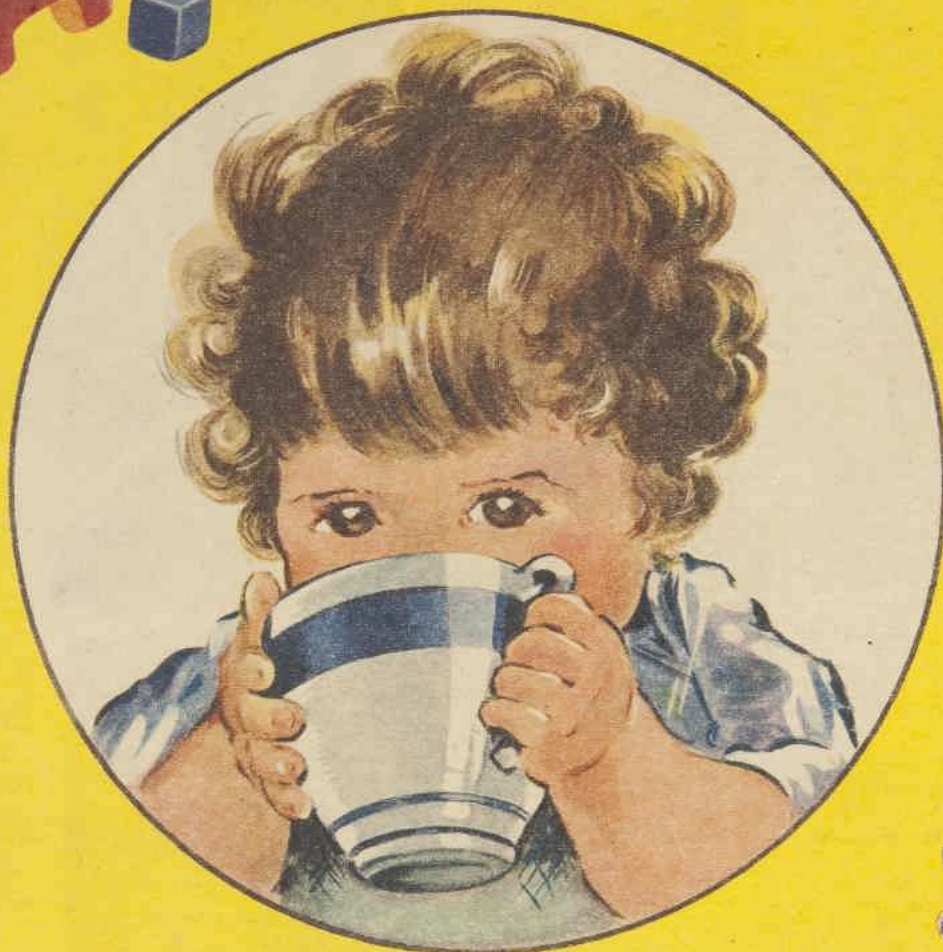
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# Desert Harassers keep enemy on run



F/LT. COLIN ROBERTSON, of Jerilderie, one of the Desert Harasser veterans.



F/O. HEC HANNAFORD, of Blackwood, S.A., another of the young "veterans."



S/LEADER ALAN FERGUSON, D.F.C., of Cooma, N.S.W., former C.O. of the squadron.



CPL. A. J. BARR, Wallend, N.S.W., who runs up the squadron flag each morning and lowers it in the evening. The flag was presented to the squadron by the Sydney Daily Telegraph.

## Kittyhawk squadron's three years of battle

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

The Desert Harassers, veteran Kittyhawk squadron with the Eighth Army in Italy, have formed the "450 Club." Members will help each other in the post-war years. The club plans to have branches throughout the Commonwealth.

Through desert campaigns and in the mud of Italy, these youthful, toughened fighter-bomber pilots and seasoned ground-stuffers talked and planned for post-war reconstruction. The club—already on a sound financial footing—will help to win the peace which the boys are fighting so hard for now.

THEY have been a long time on the road and in the air, these Harassers—the accent, by the way, is on the second syllable.

They've kept Australia's name well to the fore since Australian divisions left the Middle East to fight closer home, and they've kept the enemy well on the run through the desert, Sicilian, and Italian campaigns.

In London you'll meet occasionally an airman whose browned complexion stands out against the fading tan of the R.A.F. men in Britain, and you'll instinctively edge closer to learn more about him. That's how I came to know about the Desert Harassers.

And what a saga of adventure, excitement, and achievement is theirs.

### "Cab Rank"

LORD HAW-HAW christened them when he referred to them as the Australian Hurricane Squadron which had been "harassing" troops in and behind the front line. This was in early 1941, when they first flew over the desert and became part of Air-Marshal H. Broadhurst's Desert Air Force with the first credit for a plane shot down over Tobruk.

Now they've participated in every engagement from El Alamein to Foggia, and were part of the famous "Cab Rank" (as "Monty" himself described it) which waited to be hailed in the battle of Sanjro.

The work of these Kittyhawks is to harass the enemy, bombing and strafing his transport. "And we've fought every inch of the way," the former Commanding Officer, Jack Bartle, D.F.C., told me after he arrived in London recently.

"They are a splendid lot of pilots with a ground staff so well trained we could move at a moment's notice. We never left the Germans' tail all the way through," he added.

The ground staff and air crews understand each other well. They live like sailors, with everything shipshape, for the desert has made them all incredibly tidy.

They move together through each new country, the ground staff leapingfrogging airfields, which are serviceable as soon as the pilots come in to land. Often the ground staff is up half the night in cold and sandstorms working by torchlight to have aircraft ready loaded with bombs for dawn take-offs.

Ground staff and air crews share everything except a mess—anything scrounged or bought, such as pre-war German beer found in Italy or young gazelles shot in the desert when grub became over-monotonous.

Among the ground staff there are many characters, for the desert has a way of developing personalities. There's Corporal "Cobber" Cain, of Western Australia, half-owner of the Melbourne Cup winner, Dark Felt. "Cobber" has been nicknamed after the famous New Zealand air ace.

Corporal A. J. Barr, of Wallend, runs up the squadron's flag each morning and lowers it each evening. This, by the way, was a present from the Sydney Daily Telegraph.

"Every fresh town is a shopping centre for presents for wives, mothers, and sweethearts," Bartle told me.

In Catania, the Harassers and an all-Australian Squadron spent all their money on presents. That's a testimony to their love of home, for Italy's an expensive country to live in, and pilots' mess bills are something like £27 a month.

Presents the boys have sent home are mainly silk stockings, silk, fancy linens, Italian leatherwork, and pieces of jewellery.

They all want to get back home as soon as they can.

They've been a long time away—they sailed in May, 1941, with Flight-Lieutenant, now Wing-Commander, Bobby Gibben, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Barr, and were the first squadron to serve in Syria—but with true Australian spirit to make the best of



TOGETHER from Alamein to Sicily, F/O. D. Minchin (left) and F/O. Harry Gregory, D.F.C., who was captured by the Germans, but escaped.



F/O. RAY GOLDBERG, of Grassmere, S.A.

things they've thrived on a life that's been full of thrills and excitement one moment, and the next just deadly, dull, and uncomfortable. In Italy it is wet, cold, and muddy, a contrast to the dust and sand of the desert, but there are compensations such as turkey or pork for dinner each day, marmala or vermouth to drink, and such comforts as scrounged soft pillows and violins and talks of holidays on the Isle of Capri.

There is an Allied holiday camp on the famous Isle where Bartle spent four days on the way through to London. He found the life untouched by war and the quiet peace just what was wanted to rest the crews.

Living has been hard and bitter for these boys, and they wouldn't be Australians if they didn't make the most of whatever luxuries and comforts a new country affords.



F/O. DEVIN MINCHIN, Chatswood, N.S.W., keeper of the Desert Harassers' diary.

Hard living hasn't dulled the minds of the Desert Harassers. Discussion groups and debating societies have been formed, as well as classes for those equipping themselves for a new life after the war. Some study accountancy, others law, some do advance work on their pre-war professions.

Commanding Officer Squadron-Leader Ken Sands, of Nedlands, Western Australia, was with a leading oil company before the war.

Of medium height, well set up, fair and rather serious, he has that complete understanding and confidence in the men, coupled with outstanding flying ability, that characterised all the squadron's former commanding officers.

International Rugby player J. S. A. Welshman, whom he succeeded, was killed. Bartle was Commanding Officer before him.

Another former C.O. was Squadron-Leader Willie Williams, an Australian in the R.A.F., who was shot down behind the enemy lines and taken prisoner just as his D.F.C. came through.

A Rhodesian C.O., Squadron-Leader "All" Barber, took the squadron through Tunisia, for the Harassers are made up of pilots from all over the Empire, with Australians predominating, and with Australian ground staff.

Before that, Squadron-Leader Alan Ferguson, D.F.C., fair, freckled, and smiling, who comes from Cooma, N.S.W., was Commanding Officer. Squadron-Leader Bartle's enthusiasm for the Harassers is infectious. He comes from Waroona, Western Australia, where he was a stock and station agent. He is fair, with regular features, tall and known as "The Boss." Rather like Fergie, though perhaps more mature, he has a young blonde wife and a baby son and daughter in Australia, and hav-

ing done three years of desert warfare he is looking forward to getting back to see them. His first tour was with "Killer" Caldwell's squadron—then on the destructive side of war.

He went then to something eminently soul-satisfying—the constructive side of saving lives of men who would otherwise have been lost, when he commanded the Australian Air Ambulance. He has 450 life-saving trips to his credit.

From there he took over the Harassers, and his record from Tunis to Malta, Sicily and Italy is the record of the squadron.

Bartle led the first two Kittyhawk raids last April, shooting down 20 enemy planes with no loss of Kittyhawks, which still stands as a combat record in any war zone.

"It was like shooting ducks," Bartle said.

Average age of the Harasser pilots is 32, young in years as fighter boys must be, but in spirit and experience they are war veterans.

Among them is Flight-Lieut. Colin Robertson, of Cockatoo station, Jerilderie, a slow-spoken, typical farmer, unruffled, dependable, popular, who did his first tour of operations in 1941 round Tobruk, and, in fact, operated from Tobruk while it was under siege.

Others are Flying-Officers Ray Goldberg, of Grassmere, S.A., and Hec Hannaford, of Blackwood, S.A., and Flight-Lieutenant Ray Hudson, well-built, fair-haired Sydney life-saver.

Keeper of the squadron diary is Flying-Officer Devin Minchin, of Chatswood, N.S.W., whose book, "The Potato Man," is about to appear in Australia.

### Luxurious Abode

DEVIN has written the squadron songs, and once secured a piano which the exigencies of modern mobile warfare prevented the boys from keeping.

The fall of Sicily found the Harassers in their most luxurious abode to date. They had been in an ammunition dump Wing-Commander M. L. Creightmore, of Perth, had "acquired" for them in Tripoli and had furnished "regardless" from an Italian officers' mess.

They had supped on wine commanded by "Darkie," one of the ground staff, who had an unfailing genius for having the right thing at the right time.

But a chalet on the side of Mount Elma seemed the least they could acquire to celebrate the first step into Europe.

It had 48 bedrooms, was 6000 feet up, and Canadian and British nurses were at their celebration parties in its reception room.

"Monty" paid a fine tribute to his fighter-bomber squadrons when he said good-bye to his beloved Eighth Army. He took them through his campaigns and now the boys are wondering will he send for them again.



# Editorial

FEBRUARY 5, 1944

## Homecrafts in Services

WHEN the women's Services first came into being some people feared that the girls who entered them would lose all desire for domesticity.

Having lived under regimented conditions, having worked side by side with men, having achieved advancement through sheer independence and efficiency, the "home girl," it was thought, might not be willing to go back into the home when she was demobilised.

The end of the war will decide that question.

The answer will probably be that the great majority of girls will still want to have homes of their own.

The homemaking instinct is too deeply ingrained in women to be eliminated from their characters in three or four years.

The heads of the women's Services are making persistent efforts to keep love of home alive among the girls.

Officers have been specially appointed to help members cultivate homecrafts wherever they may be stationed.

In this way, even girls who at home were taught nothing about the domestic arts learn about them when they are in uniform.

They move among companions who have the "home touch." They hear lectures and discussions on cooking, interior decoration, gardening, and dressmaking.

Previously, many of these girls lived merely to follow their personal whims and fancies, without much thought for the welfare of others. They are learning the meaning of responsibility.

They will come back into civil life as better and more enthusiastic homemakers rather than worse ones.

—THE EDITOR.

# A soldier's thoughts on eve of battle

## In moving message he tells his wife why he fights on

What does a soldier think about on the eve of battle? In this letter a member of a patrol writes to his wife on the night before the final assault on Salamaua, telling her his thoughts and describing the scene to her.

He is Corporal R. C. Bain, of Randwick. He is now a member of the Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit.

ALL to-day we have been on patrol, our particular job being the clearing of mines and booby traps," he writes.

"For many days now we have been engaged on this work under most trying conditions.

"Every twig we touch, every leaf on which we tread may send off the mine that will blow us to kingdom come.

"Every tree and clump of bamboo may hide a sniper, and at any minute a mortar may drop down on us.

"This is what we have been doing for the last few days, and has been our small contribution to the battle for Salamaua.

"We have carried on night and day, eating in snatches and taking an hour's sleep whenever we could.

"To-night we rest, and to-morrow we attack the Japanese machine-gun positions, and although I know we will win—we always do—yet past experience has told me that our victories over the Japs are always dearly bought.

"It is the eve of battle.

"It wants two hours to sundown and, wonder of wonders, it has not rained to-day.

"We are 'ramped' in a clearing in the jungle, and our little world is hemmed in on all sides by tall tropical trees closely matted with trailing lianas and bamboos.

"Sprawled in various attitudes are the 27 other men in this patrol (yesterday there were 28, the day before 30).

"Some are asleep where they lie, some are cleaning their rifles, some scraping the mud off themselves, and a few are trying to force a bit of hardback into their unwilling stomachs.

"I cannot see the sentries, but they are over in the trees, eyes and ears alert, and fingers on triggers.

"We have no tents: if it rains we let it; we have no blankets, and cannot light a fire.

"We just pick a soft spot in the mud and sleep.

### A man in green

TOMORROW at dawn (zero hour) we will rise, rub the cold and damp out of our limbs, adjust packs and belts, and move through the tangled undergrowth towards the Jap positions.

"I wish I could stand about ten feet away and look at myself.

"If I could, I should probably see a rather poor specimen of an Australian soldier—not the glamorous Digger of song and story, or the smart and polished soldier of the parade ground, or even myself as you knew me at Ingleburn.

"No, just a man dressed in a dirty, muddy shirt and trousers of jungle-green, which by no stretch of imagination can be called a uniform, a pair of long American gaiters, and a pair of boots, broken and torn from tramping through the jungle, muddy and wet, as they have been for weeks, a battered helmet with a mosquito net around it, a webbing belt torn and ragged, and two ammunition pouches half-full.

"Hanging on the belt are a water-bottle, a bayonet, and a large knife—also two hand grenades.

"By my side is my haversack, con-



AIRMEN IN NEW GUINEA. Left to right: LAC Ray Brooker, LAC R. White, LAC J. Laing. Front: P/O C. Johnstone.—Photo sent by Mrs. D. Brooker, Ramsgate, N.S.W.

## LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the Fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For letter extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

taining iron rations, first-aid outfit, soap, towel, razor, toothbrush, and writing gear.

"The rifle is old and scratched, with many chips out of the wood-work, but the barrel is clean and bright, showing how carefully the soldier's best friend has been tended, and the edge on the bayonet is keen and sharp.

"Were I to remove my hat it would disclose that my hair is caked with mud.

"The face is stained green, but around the eyes and mouth and other places where the sweat has washed it off, white shows through.

"The eyes are red from lack of sleep, and there are many lines and wrinkles around the eyes.

"This, together with the white hair, which is what half my hair is now, would make me look much older than my 30 years.

"Analysing my feelings, I should say that the main one is of extreme weariness caused by lack of sleep, the strain of fighting and continual vigilance, and lack of vitamins caused by a diet of bully beef and biscuits.

"I am much thinner than I was, but it is only the life here, and I am as tough and wiry as the best.

"I have had dysentery, tropical

ulcers, and a few other minor complaints inseparable from soldiering in the tropics, but I am apparently immune from malaria.

"Despite the strain, my nerves are steadier than ever they were, and my eye is still keen, although very sore from straining by looking into the undergrowth.

"Here the man with the best eyesight shoots first and that means a lot. Although I may not present a pleasant picture, it may have been worse.

"I am not downhearted and consider myself the equal of any Jap.

"How well I realise now the feeling that prompts the soldier to want to leave a child to take his place should he fall.

"For although men must die, the country for which we fight must go on, and if I should fall to-morrow, how pleased I should be to think that a son should take my place.

"He would certainly be robbed of a father's care and life would be harder for him, but surely he would be proud of the fact that his father died, not only for him, but for all his friends and relatives.

### We shall win

AND when he grew up, if the same threat of war came, he would not hold back, but would bravely go forth and drive the enemy back to the place from whence he came, even as we will.

"Yes, this is the thought of every man here to-night.

"We have been through hell, but we did it willingly to save those we love from the horrors of the Jap. And we shall win.

"We know that, and if we fall our cobbles will carry on and our sacrifice shall not have been in vain, for Australia, which means our homes

MAIL DAY somewhere near Darwin. R.A.A.F. men arrive to collect their letters from home.—Photo sent by Sgt. A. G. Land to his mother in Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

and those we love, will be safe—which is all that matters.

"Have you ever thought why men put up with what we do?

"Do you really think it is for the six and sixpence a day?

"Or do you think that men deliberately throw away their lives as I have seen them do, in order to stop the Japs from reaching Australia?

"We have seen enough to know what the Jap would do if he reached Aussie.

"I appreciate your feelings when you say that you would not want to live if I were killed, but all I have had to put up with, the battles I have fought and won to preserve our home and you would be in vain if in doing so I were killed and you thought like that.

"Remember that this is not peacetime, and if I do my bit to help the world to carry on as before and preserve the life we know, then you must do the same.

"Not only for your sake, but for the sake of all who died, you must carry on. Always remember that they died that you might live.

"This was interrupted by an alert, and after three weeks I have found these pages in my haversack.

"I decided to send them on, as they were written on the eve of battle, and although I rambled a bit, it illustrates a man's thoughts on such an occasion."

A.B. J. E. Trevillyn, R.A.N., to the James Hardie and Co. Comforts Fund, Brooklyn, Vic.:

"WE had a game of football with the temperature and humidity both giving the 90 mark a good hiding.

"I played my usual slashing(?) game, and kicked 6 behinds (approx.) in a score of one goal 15 behinds, to force a draw with the other mob.

"We had secured a 'ground' from the Army. The officer warned us that it may not be the best of grounds, and he did not exaggerate.

"We hunched out to this joint, and found that although they had cleared away the coconut palms and head-hunters, there were still the undergrowth, bomb craters (filled with water), and 8 inches of thick, black oozy mud.

"However, we came for the game, so we got stuck into it, and mixed freely with the mud.

"Up here you perspire even to shave yourself, so within a few minutes you can imagine how we were.

"The ball was greasy, we were slippery, the ground was slimy, and really never before has so little been chased around by so many for so long for 1.15 each."

F/O. Peter Jamieson to Mrs. L. Brenton, 23 Sussex St., Alberton, S.A.:

"WE dropped a load of bombs on the Japs the other day, and I wrote on them, in chalk, 'From the people of Alberton,' so you have sent your parcels to the Japs this Christmas.

"They dropped in the middle of the target, so I don't think the Japs had a very merry Christmas."

A driver in New Guinea to a friend in Bathurst, N.S.W.:

"THE flies here are terrible. I had one settling on my nose to-day, and every time I took a swing at it it ducked its head, then poked out its tongue and stamped its feet hard, thereby making my nose bleed."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



## "Rebecca" to be broadcast

"Rebecca," Daphne du Maurier's best-seller which made such an outstanding film, has been chosen by 2GB for the first presentation of a new series of book dramatisations under the title "Library of the Air."

IN order to do full justice to the varied incidents of the book, "Library of the Air" will be presented in a series of three-quarter hour dramatisations. Most serial dramas are broadcast in quarter-hour episodes.

Listeners will find that much of the detail so frequently sacrificed in dramatisation is retained to give the full story of "Rebecca" as they knew it in book form.

Opening episode of "Rebecca" will be heard on Thursday, February 3, at 8 p.m.

Richard Ashley has been chosen to play the melancholy role of Maxim de Winter, which in the film version was played by Laurence Olivier.

Sheila Sewell will play the part of the second Mrs. de Winter, taken in the film by Joan Fontaine.

Hilda Seur will portray the sinister housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers, the role played in the film so brilliantly by Judith Anderson.

Yvonne Banvard, well-known stage and radio star, will appear in

### MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"All my success in this shop I owe to one thing—pluck."  
"But how did you find the right people to pluck?"

the role of Mrs. Van Hopper, the vulgar celebrity hunter to whom Mrs. de Winter was companion.

Others in the cast include John Saul, Alfred Bristowe, Ethel Lang, Cecil Perry, Michael Willoughby, Charles McCallum, John Grey, and other well-known artists.

Radio adaptation is by Macquarie playwright Richard Lane, and production is by E. Mason Wood.

The presentation is designed to bring the story of "Rebecca" to listeners exactly as they remember it from the book and the film.

Daphne du Maurier has many successful books to her credit, such as "The Loving Spirit," "Gerald, a Portrait," and "Jamaica Inn."

She began writing stories and articles in 1928, and her first novel appeared in 1931. "Jamaica Inn" established her as an author of note, but her outstanding novel was "Rebecca," published in 1938.

The main setting for "Rebecca" is, of course, the famous Manderley, grey stone mansion, with grounds of indescribable loveliness.

To Maxim de Winter, despondent and introspective, Manderley is full of painfully disturbing ghosts.

It is his determination to ignore these unhappy thoughts and associations, and never to refer to them, which creates so many insurmountable mental barriers in the early stages of his second marriage.



## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master Magician, is in danger of losing

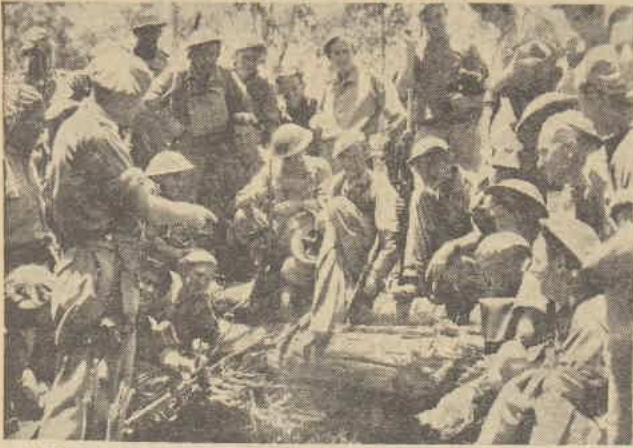
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, because SHARPY: Wrestling manager, has tricked Lothar into signing a contract. Sharpy persuades a promoter, Joe, to put Lothar in

a final event against Killer, top-flight wrestler, and bribes Killer to lose the match. Killer decides to double-cross Sharpy, and sets out to make friends with Lothar, who, he knows, only fights when angered. NOW READ ON:





# TANK CREWS TRAIN IN BUSH FOR JUNG



MEMBERS OF TANK SQUADRON in N.S.W. examine the damage to a simulated Japanese bunker which has figured in a jungle-training exercise. The bunker has been hit by three high explosive shells from tanks' heavy guns.



INFANTRY co-operate with tanks in this rehearsal in the open for the attack on the Japanese jungle position. The infantry protect the flanks of the tanks from ambush and mop up afterwards.



HEAVY DUST SCREEN thrown up by tank tracks. When dust obscures the visibility tanks keep formation by radio contact with each other. Pictures by Jack Hickson, war photographer.

## Realistic manoeuvres based on New Guinea operations

By DOROTHY DRAIN

A.I.F. tank crews in Australia are now being trained for warfare in the jungle.

At a camp in New South Wales I saw some of this training in scrub country, part of 26,000 acres which the Army has on lease.

WE rode out from camp ahead of the tanks in what I discovered was a "soft" vehicle. The Army divides all vehicles into two categories, hard and soft. Hard vehicles are armored, soft are unarmored.

No one will quarrel with "hard" for a tank, although I suspect that the crew commander of the tank in which I was later a passenger directed a comparatively gentle route through the gum trees and swamp oaks near the bivouac area.

But if a blitz buggy or a peep are "soft" vehicles, then a taxi is downright decadent.

Resilient would be a better term for the Peep in which we rode.

A peep belongs to the same family as a jeep (originally the names were used in reverse), and the transport officer whose special joy it is was enthusiastic about its versatility.

It is rumored that a peep can climb a brick wall. Fortunately there were no brick walls on the tracks we took.

But there is a nice selection of gullies, washouts, and hidden logs.

While the squadrons of tanks rumbled along through clouds of dust (a tank can tear dust out of the most innocently grassy glade), brigades of rabbits scurried for cover.

This land, formerly grazing and dairying country, is now inhabited only by the Army, the rabbits, and a few sheep and cows, who lead an apparently hazardous life, but regard the tanks with enviable placidity.

### Varied terms

ONE of the most fascinating aspects of these glimpses of Army training is the temporary acquisition of a technical vocabulary.

In no time you are calling a hill a feature, and a dry gully a water-course. Even the blue range of hills that makes the backdrop to the scene becomes an escarpment.



MAINTENANCE. Sgt. L. L. Brown uses periscope for observation. Hatches closed down. Tanks are in the bush.

Tank terms are rather involved, for they seem to be taken from a variety of sources, from fairy to ships.

You "mount" and "dismount" a tank, but you enter the hatch. When tanks are in the bush, any length of time they go into the bush.

If in open country it is a harbor, if timbered, it may be a perished harbor, but in either case hard vehicles, otherwise they are ringed round the outside of the soft vehicles in the middle.

"The arrangement of the tanks is the same as with the old waggons," said an officer. Tanks serve as protection for stores and more vulnerable vehicles inside.

### Feminine gender

A TANK is always "she" in the crew, though the name is a varied field.

The crew choose the name for themselves, which begins with the squadron letter.

B Squadron in this battalion has a range from Britannia to Caccio and Boogie Woogie. Squadron includes a Cassiopeia, a Cleopatra as well as Ceres and Cavalier.

It was in Cavalier that I rode, sitting in the place of the gunner. Trooper N. L. McLean comes from Morgan, S.A.

Supplied with earphones, listen through the intercommunication system to the tank from the crew commander. H. D. Ballard, to the



JUNGLE TRAINING. Tank advancing through a dry creek-bed for assault. Thick undergrowth hides the target until tanks are within 50 yards, but heavy tank guns are deadly at such close range.



# THE WAR



... of Taralga, N.S.W., checks a tank attacking with the crew do their own maintenance.

Trooper G. A. Mundy—"Driver, advance . . . driver, half right . . . Okay."

You don't need to be long in a tank to realise that it's a tough job. The inside is built for use, not for comfort. Apart from worse hazards, there is an uncomfortably large variety of things on which you can be bumped, bruised, and battered, and there's ammunition stored in all available space.

Add intense heat and very limited visibility when the hatches are closed down, AND the enemy, and you can see it's no wonder that tank



RESTING after night manoeuvres, tank crews sleep in open, undisturbed by daylight, heat, or the noise of other vehicles.

crews look so healthy—they have to be.

Crews are proud of the fact that they service their vehicles as well as man them.

In the words of an officer, a crew, seven in number, are practically a family.

## Good comrades

"FOR best results they must get on well together," he said. "Wherever possible, friends are put in the same crew. They fight together, work together, live in the same tent (with the exception of the lieutenant or sergeant, should their tanks be commanded by one of these ranks). Even their leave periods are arranged at the same time."

Every man in the crew (composed of crew commander, driver, two gunners, two loaders, and a wireless operator) learns every other man's job. Each takes a turn in learning to command, so that all understand each other's problems.

The squadron-leader is usually a captain. Three tanks comprise a troop, commanded by a lieutenant.

The two other tanks in a troop are commanded by a sergeant and a corporal, respectively, so that a corporal in a tank battalion is responsible for a vehicle worth £30,000.

Intensive training leaves the men with little time for boredom, though most are restless to be in action, especially since many of their mates are now in New Guinea.

Squadrons bivouac a fortnight and do maintenance work in camp for a fortnight alternately. In the field they live under Service conditions, and work by night as well as day.

But as Corporal J. H. Brown, of Bega, N.S.W., said: "We'd like to get into something fair dinkum."

I saw an exercise based on something "fair dinkum," when tanks attacked a simulated Japanese bunker in scrub country. The bunker (a machine-gun post in a log-covered trench), well camouflaged by timber and thick undergrowth, was flanked by fox-holes.

Three tanks made the attack, and other crews took the part of infantry to protect the tanks from ambush. Tanks are vulnerable at close quarters, and can be crippled by a grenade aimed at a vital spot.

It was a hot, steamy morning following heavy rain. Watching the tanks nose their way through the undergrowth toward the objective, listening to the sudden crackle of fire from the small arms of the infantry, and waiting apprehensively for the heavy bursts from the tank guns, it was possible to imagine in some degree what tank warfare must be like in the jungle.

Gratefully obeying an order to take cover, I cowered behind a gum tree while the ear-shattering high explosive shells reduced the bunker to a shambles.

To me it seemed a pretty exciting morning.

But when I boarded my soft vehicle to be transported back to camp I found the driver had been reading during his leisure.

The title of his book was "Range War in Squaw Valley."



HARD WORK produces hearty appetites. This trooper wears his fly-net like a snood while he enjoys his mug of tea.



CLEANING GUNS with boiling water round night campfire. From left, in foreground: Trooper C. J. Morris, Vic.; Cpl. J. W. Stenner, S.A.; and Trooper K. Gosper, of Manildra, N.S.W.



OUTSIDE MOBILE COOKER, Trooper K. L. Mackinnon, of Nyngan, carves meat while Trooper R. Pfeiffer, of S.A., swats the flies with a tree branch.



CREWS WATCHING a demonstration of tank tactics in the jungle. They are lectured by the squadron-leader, and join in discussion afterwards.



# The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 7

Now and then a little shame stirred in her mind that she had even considered deserting her job, thought of running away from this thing she had come to do. No one else deserted.

"Are you married?" she asked a girl.

"Me? Yes, ma'am. My husband's in Egypt."

For the space of a moment, in between technical questions, Pamela felt the sweep of the answer. This lovely girl with the pallid face loved some man who, alive or dead, was in Egypt. The girl stood before her machine and cut pieces of steel all day long and, under the roar and rattle which surrounded her, lived the gentle thoughts that had lit her face as she answered Pamela's questions.

The rhythm of her own job came back to her. She had dozens of things to ask about, to note in the little book she carried with her. Methods of work, organization of the workers, technical skills that girls and women had surprisingly acquired, all went into the book.

"Tell A." she added, often in a margin, for she kept seeing and hearing things that would interest Alec. He knew, of course, what was going on over here. He knew production figures and methods. But to see the work in progress was different.

It came alive when Pamela saw not only the machines and the war weapons and equipment, but the air-raid shelters—so often proved necessary in many places—within quick reach of every worker. She saw the rooms where workers would be saved from burns in case of gas, and listened to the shop radios playing music against whirr and rattle and fatigue and despair, and she wished Alec could be with her.

"This is the kind of plane they used in the raid the other night, you know," a foreman told her, patting the wing of a shining monster.

The kind of plane that went down with Kip's friend, Kellogg, thought Pam.

"We've got a good many of your

American fliers over here now," the foreman added.

"Yes, I know." One who belongs to me. Or does he?

There was no time to think of that. Not now. She would think of it at night, reason it out, put all the parts together.

But when the first night came she fell into an exhausted sleep in a hotel and rose at dawn to go on farther. On the second night, and the third, she went into the country to stay with the girls who worked in the ordnance factories, in one of the hostels.

There was a campus air about it, she thought, as she saw a stream of girls and women coming from the buses after the shift was out. It was a girls' campus, looking almost like a college with all its buildings and paths, only there were no books to study, no grades, no degrees at the end of this. There was a victory to be earned at the end.

Pam could feel herself grow thinner. She had worked at home, too, but along with the work here and the tramping through long buildings she seemed to be hurrying away from a question that kept asking itself over and over.

It was at the end of her trip that the cable from home reached her. It was marked urgent and the censors had passed it through rapidly.

It read: "Sorry cut your trip short, but important developments regarding women industry here believe you should all in Washington conference next week if possible suggest crowd inspection and confer Mallory embassy for air passage soonest. Cabling him also." The signature was Jerome Hayes.

She could go back of course. She hadn't seen all she had hoped to, but the few days in the plants had already shown her much that would be useful when she got back home. The development Hayes mentioned must be very important or he wouldn't suggest her return so soon. This was almost like an order, not

to be disobeyed. She was responsible to Jerome Hayes and indebted to him for this trip. He had a right to call her back.

But when would she see Kip again? Would she see Kip?

The London hotel seemed like home this time, after all her strange beds in the last week. She went up to her room and looked over the mail. No cable from Alec. She had hoped on the way back to London that he would send her a word of advice about this call home.

How would she get in touch with Kip quickly?

She remembered Eve. Or perhaps she had been thinking of Eve all the time. Picking up the telephone she found that Miss Kennedy was in the hotel, Suite 316.

"Hello," said Eve as she admitted Pam a few minutes later, "come in. You look pretty well done in. It must have been a job."

"It was marvellous," said Pam. "I just need a bath. But I wanted to speak to you first."

"I'm dishing with some people. Won't you come along?"

"No, thanks. Have you five minutes?"

"Of course. But if you're tired—"

EVE looked tired herself. But she always did.

"I'm fine," said Pam, "and I want to talk to you about Kip."

"I've always thought," said Eve, "that for two women to discuss an absent man isn't a good scene even on the stage."

"It's not a scene. There's just something I want to say, and it's this." She hesitated, then said tonelessly, "I think Kip's in love with you."

"Look here," said Eve, "it's a poor time to fuss about that. He's in a dangerous spot. Why not let him have a little fun?"

"He's had a lot of that kind of fun already. All his life."

"Maybe not enough."

"I think he's had enough of that sort of thing. He was tired of it when he met me. What I mean is that I want him to have more than fun for what time there may be left."

"Well," said Eve Kennedy harshly, "leave it at that. If you can. It's better not talked about."

"You still don't get the point. I want him to be in love, to know he's in love, to have one woman on his mind, to think he's going to marry her."

"He's promised to marry you, hasn't he? He hasn't backed down. Nobody's objecting."

"But Kip's in love with you," said Pam.

"We've had a good time, that's all."

"He's changed," said Pam. "He isn't the way he was when he left me in New York. He could leave me—and forget about me more or less when I was out of sight. He can't do that with you. You— you come to the surface of his mind all the time. He never thought about a girl before."

She had watched the words change Eve Kennedy's face, bring up a feeling that was driven back without mercy.

"If that's true, what will you do?" asked Eve.

"I'll go back to work. I certainly don't want him if he's thinking about you all the time."

"You're not in love with him."

"I was. I would be—"

"You can't whistle it like that," said Eve, "but maybe you think you're in love with him. Surely you don't want me to repeat this conversation to Kip. Then he would be all mixed up. He'd hate it. If he should be in love with me he'll have to find it out."

"Give him a chance and he'll find it out," said Pam. "I'm giving him one. I'm going home to America and without seeing him again."

"You can't run away like that!" "I'm not running. I've been sent for. My boss cabled me to come back."

"That's too bad," Eve repeated it twice. Then she said in a gentler voice, "You know, Kip really worships you. He thinks you're the finest girl he ever met, the flower of womanhood and all the rest of it, the one good woman left."

"Maybe. But he's in love with you. You're like him and he knows it. He said so. I don't know what's gone on. It doesn't matter to me now. Except that I would like to know if you care for him. If I were sure of that—"

Eve Kennedy said in a straight, low voice, "You can be sure."

The clipper went steadily through the bright sky, its wings strong, its body throbbing a little as if with constant excitement. They were too high to see the ocean. The clouds below made soft shapes without clear outlines. It looked like an empty, unformed world as Pam gazed out of her window, and her mind and heart felt empty, too.

There were moments when what she had done seemed clear and logical, and then it would change and look like madness. She had leaped across the table from a man who had been describing air raids and he had filled her with anxiety for Kip. If her letter disturbed him, made him unhappy or so nervous that he wasn't in good form, it might be that she'd sent him to his death.

If she'd made him wretched to no purpose, and anything happened to him, she had failed everyone.

What had she said in the letter? She thought back over its wording, its inferences. She had not written emotionally and she had not spoken of Eve Kennedy. All she had told him was that she had to go back home in a hurry because things were breaking in Washington and they had sent for her, that she felt the trip had been worth while if only because they'd had the week-end in the country.

She had said that she had never been prouder of him. He would like that. She had written that they mustn't count too much on the future because events changed and so did people, and to take things as they came along and, above all, she begged him to be happy every minute that he could.

That was surely clear enough. It was giving him all the freedom that he would need or want, and the rest of the explanation was for Eve to make.

The men across from her were talking. A name caught her attention.

"Do you know Jerome Hayes?" "I've never met him personally, I've wanted to. He seems to be doing a good piece of work."

"He would. Hayes has always delivered on the job. And he's come up fast. As I understand it, he started in a machine shop himself. He had some technical education and came right up to the front."

I wonder if Alec knows that about Jerome Hayes, wondered Pam.

The man went on: "I guess it was a case of the old story of marrying the boss' daughter and taking over the family purse. He married a girl called Wakefield. They made air-

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, February 2: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 3 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, February 4: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Goss of Melody.

SATURDAY, February 5: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursumer."

SUNDAY, February 6 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, February 7: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, February 8: Musical Alphabet.

plane parts in a small way, and before long Hayes had them doing it in a big way. The girl didn't lose anything by marrying him."

He was the one who lost out, thought Pam, remembering the way Julia Hayes had acted on the one occasion when they had met.

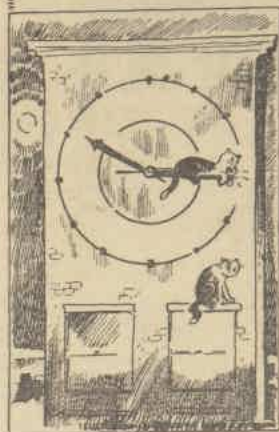
"Sometimes it's a tough bargain," said the other man.

"Well, by this time Hayes is pretty independent of anyone's money. If he delivers on this job, nothing's going to be too good for him when the war's over."

I think I'll tell him that, thought Pam. Some day. She looked at her watch and saw that another hour had slipped by. They were travelling, and her first sense of going home came over her.

The days had been so crowded and strange, the leaving so confusing and baffling. But there was no turning round. She would be in New York in six hours, and if they came down in Newfoundland she would send Alec a telegram. At this

## Animal Antics



"Now, don't forget to wake me before half-past ten!"

rate they would be there by six o'clock. She would write him to meet her for dinner at La Belle Meunerie. That would be a good place to talk it over.

Of course, there were things she would not tell him, must never tell anyone. But Alec knew Kip so well that he might not have to be told. How decent it had been of Alec to talk to Kip about her, to say those things about her work.

Alec was the only person she wanted to see to-night, the only person she could bear to talk to. Tomorrow she would find out where Mr. Hayes wanted her to report. But to-night she needed help.

The plane was refuelling at a small port in Newfoundland when Pamela sent off her telegram to Alec, and when it was gone her feeling of loneliness lifted. Now when the airship took off again, her thoughts flew in the same direction. Back to her work, back to her usefulness, back to someone who believed in her, who would help her adjust.

If Alec had said all that to Kip in the beginning, he must never have believed that the marriage was right.

Alec would love this flight, she said to herself. He has too little happiness. What was that Kip had said of him? That Alec liked to be loved as well as anyone.

She suddenly was ashamed of the drift of her mind and told herself not to be ridiculous. What was she doing, trying to compensate herself for having lost her fiancé?

The ship began to toss about and the light flashed on to tell them to fasten their safety belts. She strapped herself in and soon the passengers stopped trying to read or even to talk coherently, for they had run into a storm that lashed at the windows and seemed to be trying by every violence to rid the sky of this toy flying about in it.

"Not frightened, are you?" a man across called to Pamela. She shook her head.

"It's just a squall. We'll run right through it."

"I don't mind it," she assured him. Some of the other passengers did. Some were sick if not afraid, and for a few minutes they all had to be conscious of frailty, and height, and of the insolence with which they risked their lives against elements of nature.

"I wish I didn't know so much about these planes," grinned Pam's seat mate. "I suppose this makes you think of the man you spoke of when we hit weather like this."

"Yes," she said, her mind turning instantly to Kip and to the many storms he must weather in the course of his days. But she hadn't been thinking of him until she was reminded. She had been remembering that Alec had been afraid that she might not be safe, and that he had been worried because the flight was dangerous. Alec knew more about planes than this man beside her, almost certainly. He could take them apart and put them together.

He believed in flying. And yet he had been almost frightened about her coming. That was dear of him.

If this plane should crash, she thought, Kip would not hear at once. But Alec would know to-night. She almost regretted those telegrams.

To be continued

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



## "EASTERN CARAVAN"

Interesting origin of legends of the East, with a background of mystery, imagination, and intrigue.

Friday 7-15 p.m. **2GB**



## Henry Lawson's Stories

Stories that represent the first articulate voice of the real Australia... from the pen of a man who loved every inch of his country.

Sunday 7-13 p.m. **2GB** Comm. Feb. 6th



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THOUGH less spectacular than recent weeks, the coming days can vitally affect the lives of great numbers of people.

Particularly good fortune should attend many Librans, Geminians, Aquarians, and some Sagittarians and Arians, but there will be difficulties in the lives of most Taurians, Leonians, and Scorpions.

The former groups are advised to plan well ahead in their search for success and happiness and work hard.

The Taurians, Leonians, and Scorpions, however, will show wisdom by living quietly and avoiding all important changes, new ventures or arguments.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): February 1 (near dawn and midnight), fair. February 3, fair but erratic. February 4, fair. February 6, good.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Be guarded if you would dodge trouble, especially on February 1 (west near sunset), February 2 (afternoon), February 3 (evening), February 4 and 7 (mornings), and February 8.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Set desired goals, then strive to reach them. February 1, helpful. February 3, pleasing, but beware impulsive action. February 4, fair. February 5, tricky. February 6, very good. February 8 and 7 (mornings), poor.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): A neutral period. Routine best, but plan ahead. Meanwhile, February 1 and 4, fair. February 3 and 6, fair.

**LEO** (July 22 to August 21): Pitfalls await rash Leonians now. Dodge separation, loss, and demotion, especially on February 1, 2, and 3 (evening worst), and February 4 and 7. February 8, tricky. Routine affairs advised.

**VIRGO** (August 22 to September 21): Consolidate rather than begin new ventures now. February 2, around dawn and midnight, slightly helpful.

**LIBRA** (September 22 to October 21): Keep busy. Try to achieve desired goals, changes, and advancement. February 3 very good but erratic. If you are over-enthusiastic February 4, fair. February 8 (morning), fair. February 9, very good.

**SCORPIO** (October 22 to November 21): Don't be rash, impatient or quarrelsome, or trouble will arise, especially on February 1 and 2. February 3 (evening), 5 and 7 (mornings), and 8.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): February 8 can be surprising, productive and pleasing, but be cautious for rest of week.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 21): February 1 and 2, slightly helpful. Rest of week poor.

**AQUARIUS** (January 22 to February 19): Be alert this week for successful conclusions are possible. Seek desired promotions, gains, and favors, especially on February 3 (but avoid eccentric or rash behaviour). February 4, and February 5 (mornings). During rest of week live cautiously.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 21): A week when routine tasks will pay best dividends. Otherwise you will have small annoyances and setbacks. Evening hours of February 3, and forenoon of February 4 and 7, very poor. Balance of these days fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## FILM GUIDE

★ ★ **White Cargo**. Leon Gordon's play, adapted by himself for the screen, remains as sultry, exotic, and dramatic as the original. Hedy Lamarr is a stunning Tondelayo. She dances with satanic abandon. Walter Pidgeon's acting calls for and gets grand support from a fine cast, which includes Frank Morgan, Richard Carlson, and Reginald Owen.—St. James; showing.

★ ★ **Thunder Birds**. Crisply presented in color, this Air Force love story has plenty of drama and many good laughs. Gene Tierney is the attractive cause of jealousy between Preston Foster, well cast as a veteran of World War I, and John Sutton, dashing young pilot. Dame May Whitty and Jack Holt contribute fine acting.—Empire; showing.

★ ★ **Appointment in Berlin**. Spy drama provides exciting fare with some good acting by George Sanders, British wing-commander; Marguerite Chapman, German spy; and Gale Sondergaard, British intelligence agent.—Clivic; showing.

★ **Song of Texas**. Cowboy star Roy Rogers is timely and heroic in this average Western. Bob Nolan and Sons of the Pioneers help musically. Arline Judge over-shadows heroine Sheila Ryan.—Capitol; showing.

# Fashion PATTERNS



F3427.—Frilling is the highlight of fashion, and here you see it decorating a very smartly cut frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide, 1½ yds. frilling. Pattern, 1/7.

F3429.—Cool, refreshing style for hot days. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3426.—Highlighting the combination dress, so very attractive, so smart. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2½ yds. plain fabric for bodice, and 2½ yds., 36ins. wide, floral for skirt. Pattern, 1/7.

F3425.—Cleverly styled frock for navy or black with decorative inset, fitted hipline. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

F3432.—Note shoulder and hip-line treatment of this smart frock, also the way it buttons to the hipline. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F309.—Very attractive overalls for little pets 4 to 8 years of age. Requires 1½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. of embroidery trim. Pattern, 1/4.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices above) to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:  
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 451G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Tasmania: Box 159C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4089W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)  
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS DAINTY SCANTIES

THESE well-styled scanties come to you all in readiness to cut out and sew. Pattern is traced clearly on a good-wearing material—rayon crepe-de-chine, in pretty pastel-pink, in blue, also in white, to fit sizes 36, 38, and 40-inch hips.

They are straight and slim, with centre front and back seam for smooth fitting, legs are scalloped, and are traced with a dainty floral motif for embroidery. All sizes, 10/11 (4 coupons), plus 4½d. postage. Please ask for No. 430.

## CHARMING DUCHESS SET

TRACED on an Indian cotton fabric, in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, natural, also white, this dainty three-piece set is all stamped ready for embroidery. The design is conventional, and the edge of the set is shown trimmed with a narrow lace (this is not supplied with set). We suggest buttonhole-stitch as a finish, or as illustrated.

Price complete, 3 pieces, 3/6, plus 2½d. postage. Please ask for No. 431.

## FASHION FROCK SERVICE

### "NANETTE" CHARMING FROCK IN SUMMERWEIGHT CREPE

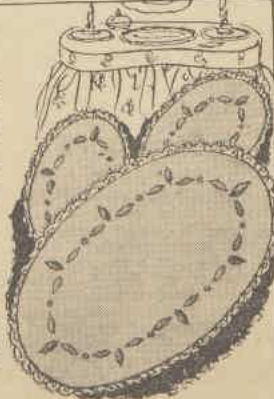
This smart, informal frock has been specially fashioned for you from a summerweight flat crepe. It is available in shades of dusty-pink, powder-blue, forest-green, royal-blue, navy-blue, also in black and in white.

The design shows a tailored collar effect with a narrow edging of self-frilling, softly gathered shoulder yoke, long, slim-fitting sleeves and a four-piece skirt with twin pockets. It is finished to match collar. Styling of the front bodice is most attractive. Covered buttons and buttonholes, flush off frock.

Ready to Wear 32, 34in. bust, 64/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 68/11 (13 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cost Out. Only (ready to sew at home): 32, 34in. bust, 41/6 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 45/11 (13 coupons). Plus postage 1/9½ extra.

How to obtain "NANETTE." In N.S.W. obtain Postal note for required amount and send to Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip and bust measurements.







SMILES from Flight-Lieut. Bob Wingrove, of Sydney, and his bride, formerly Judy Stoddart, of Adelaide, snapped in car after their marriage at St. Peter's, Glenelg. Honeymoon at South Australian Hotel before flying to Sydney, where Judy will make her home.



AT RECEPTION, after their wedding at St. Mary's C. of E., Waverley, Corporal Willem Schenan, of Royal Netherlands Navy, and his bride, formerly Betty Hall.



A.I.F. WEDDING. Lieutenant John Dyer, who escaped from German prison camp and rejoined his unit, and his bride, Maud Burns, leave St. Mary's Cathedral after their wedding.

## On and off DUTY.

FAMOUS women through the ages will be depicted in W.A.N.S. Cavalcade of Women at Conservatorium this Saturday.

Boudicca, Joan of Arc, Amy Johnson, and Madame Chiang Kai-shek are among the famous women who will figure in the pageant which is being arranged by Mrs. N. Brennan and Mrs. M. Wallis.

Lady Wakehurst, who is president of the W.A.N.S., will attend the performance.

PRESIDENT of the Letters from Home Committee, Mrs. T. P. Clarke, tells me that they would welcome any offers from people willing to write weekly to lonely soldiers. For particulars of scheme ring BW7095 or write to 333 George Street.

Mrs. Clarke tells me of letter they received in mail the other day enclosing a pound note from anonymous donor who wished them well in their splendid work of sending the boys news from home.

THE members of the Business Women's Sewing Corps, who for three years have been repairing and renovating for the Army, have now commenced work for the Combined Services Hostel at Croydon and at 208 Clarence Street, City.

The Combined Services Hostels, co-operating with the B.W.S.C., have made it possible for servicemen to leave their mending at 208 Clarence Street, and collect it when it is finished.

IN U.S. mail comes letter for Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayden, of Marrickville, from their daughter, Mrs. William Dillingham Sells, to announce birth of her daughter, Billie Marilyn.

Mrs. Sells, who was formerly Dulcie Vera Clayden, was married in Sydney last year to U.S. Lieutenant Sells, who three months later was killed in action in New Guinea.

Mrs. Sells then travelled to America to stay with her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Sells, of Hoopston, Ill.

RECENTLY engaged Corporal Shirley Arnott, W.A.A.F., and Captain Jack Minnett, A.I.F., lunch together at Prince's before Jack takes train to return to his station and Shirley goes back on duty as driver with W.A.A.F.

Jack says he hopes to have leave again in a few months' time, when they will make wedding plans.

NEWLY formed Metropolitan Players, who include Carlotta Kalmar, Alastair Siddons, Bruce Berby, and Kevin Brennan, will travel to 113th A.G.H. to put on Frederick Lonsdale's play, "On Approval," for the patients, on February 17.

Will do same show at Mosman on February 23, and at Lindfield on March 8.



A.D.C. WEDS. Captain Jack Griffiths, N.Z.E.F., who is A.D.C. to General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., leaves St. Philip's with his bride, formerly Jean Pearson.



BRIDE Kathleen Kennedy arrives at St. Vincent's to marry F/O Len Coburn, R.A.A.F., with Sgt. V. H. Ferrari, who gave her away.



AFTER THE AUSTRALIA DAY MARCH, Girl Guides Patricia Johnson (left) and Peggy Locke mop their brows in record heat.



INSPECTING one of six ambulances presented by Lebanon Ladies' League to Army are Lady Wakehurst and Mrs. A. A. Alam, president of the league.

AT Presbyterian Church, Tenfield, where her parents were married in 1942, Rosemary Margaret, baby daughter of Captain T. G. Murdoch, A.I.F., and Mrs. Murdoch, is christened by Padre Beale.

Mrs. Murdoch was formerly June Worstead, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Worstead, of Croydon.

IVORY french moire taffeta chosen by Sonia Wolkowsky for her wedding to Stoker Bruce Tilkeard at St. Clement's Church of England. Sonia, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wolkowsky, of Mosman, is attended by her sister, Mrs. Curt Prerauer, who sings during signing of the register.

Bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Tilkeard, of Tasmania.



SAILORS' DAY. Tivoli girls Pat Weatherau (left) and Joy Walther wear sailor suits while selling buttons on Sailors' Day.

## Interesting People

LT.-GEN. R. L. EICHELBERGER

courage at Buna  
BRITISH honor for U.S. Lieutenant-General R. L. Eichelberger, who commanded American troops in Papua. Has been appointed honorary Knight Commander of Military Division of Order of British Empire (K.B.E.) for courage and leadership in Buna sector of Papuan campaign. General Eichelberger accompanied Mrs. Roosevelt on her visit to Australia. Before the war was superintendent at West Point, America's famous military academy.



MISS ADA COGGAN

mica factory  
ENGLISH-BORN Miss Ada Coggan, now living in Melbourne, owns and runs mica processing factory doing vital defence work. "I have been in mica since I was sixteen, when I trained in my father's business," she says. For a time lived in Central Australia, where she worked in mica mine owned by her father. Mica is used in making radio-location and other wartime instruments.



COL. W. A. EBBS

international experience  
AFTER holding high executive positions with Salvation Army in Great Britain, Europe, U.S.A., and New Zealand, Englishman Colonel W. Alex Ebbs has arrived in Australia to take up his first post here. Appointed Chief Secretary, Eastern Australian Territory, he becomes the Army's chief administrative officer in New South Wales and Queensland. Has been officer in Salvation Army for 35 years.







## Movieworld

• Bing Crosby, Paramount's famous crooner-comedian, started in films thirteen years ago, and for nearly ten years has been voted one of the ten most popular stars in Hollywood. When a stocky schoolboy, Bing started his theatrical career as wardrobe

boy, then decided to be a lawyer and matriculated in law. Long before he was known to screen audiences, Bing was one of America's top radio stars. He has been married to former actress Dixie Lee for 15 years, and they have four young sons.

<p>SMOKING</p>				<p>MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NILE ATHLETIC SINGLET AND UNDERPANTS</p> <p><b>NILE</b> HANDKERCHIEFS</p> <p>Manufactured by Pioneer Saffron Industries Pty. Ltd. 124 Broadway, Sydney</p>
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'FRUIT SALT'**

Eno is now in short supply for  
civilians because of the needs of the  
Services, especially in the tropics  
and sub-tropics, must come first.  
So please use your supply sparingly  
because Eno is on active service

## The Black Swan



**1 OVERTHROWN** Governor of Jamaica, Lord Denby (George Zucco), gasps at swordpoint of buccaneer James Waring (Tyrone Power).



**4 REFUSING** to accompany Waring when he sails to attack pirates, Margaret is kidnapped by him and Tom Blue (T. Mitchell).



**2 ANNOUNCING** appointment as new Governor, former pirate leader Morgan (Laird Cregar) begs followers to reform and appoints Waring lieutenant.



**3 ENRAGED**, Margaret (Maureen O'Hara), Denby's daughter, repulses Waring and calls her fiancé (E. Ashley).



**5 PIRATE-LEADER** Captain Leech (George Sanders) imprisons the two, and threatens them with death. Belatedly, Lady Margaret confesses her love for Waring.



**6 DARING ESCAPE** of Waring turns the scales. He seeks out Leech, defeating him in a desperate duel.

### A true touch of the Irish

HER Irish ancestry came to the fore when Maureen O'Hara was making "The Black Swan." Although stunt girl Mary Wiggins was standing by ready to do a 25-foot leap into the water from a boat's prow Maureen insisted on doing it herself.

Such pluck fits in with this technicolor 20th Century-Fox film of daring deeds on the Spanish Main, in which Darryl F. Zanuck uses lavish settings and costumes. Highly suitable, too, is Tyrone Power's fighting role, for he is ready to fight now in real life as a U.S. marine. As well as serving his country himself Tyrone has ceded his island to Mexico for the duration for defence purposes.

### WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

## Cosy NIGHTWEAR



### HORROCKSES FLANNELETTE

is still being manufactured  
in stripes, plain shades and  
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DODGING SUNBURN—YOU'RE  
ASHAMED OF THAT BLOTCHY  
COMPLEXION!**



Sunshine shows up Skin-  
faults—banish them with  
**Rexona**  
MEDICATED SOAP



WHEN pores become clogged, look out for a blotchy complexion! Rexona's medicated lather floats these poisons out of the pores . . . out of your skin. Its valuable medicaments freshen a muddy complexion.

And if you use Rexona regularly, your skin will STAY clear and healthy always. You'll love Rexona's fragrance and its gentle protecting care.



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL  
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comprising Oils of Code,  
Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth, and  
Boronyl Acetate—all recognized  
valuable Skin Medicaments.

X33.25



## MULTI-COLOR IN

## SUMMER PASTELS



Renée

● Deft little dressmaker suit in muted greenish-grey spiced with a wide inset midriff in soft purple and a turned-back collar lined with mist-green. Accessories repeat the contrasting color touches. (Left.)

● Twin spot in faded rose and mint-blue make this sophisticated frock. The rose is used cleverly for the inset sleeves and back skirt, which gives the effect of an overskirt.

● A severely simple frock achieves unexpected drama when it is made in five contrasting colors — all the loveliest soft pastels. This is a specially effective idea if you want to use up those odd remnants.

● High-soaring summer hat of mushroom-pink grosgrain — its funnel crown laced with green silk cord and the fluted brim lined with pastel plaid tulle. (At top.)





Hi!

## The emergency biscuit . . . that has come to stay

Hi-Bake Crackers were planned by Peek Frean's as a wartime biscuit to supply civilian needs while concentrating their maximum effort on orders for the Armed Forces. But these crisp, delicious, all-purpose biscuits have become first favourites for savouries and any biscuit-eating occasion.

Available in limited quantities only

# Hi-Bake Crackers!

made by

## Peek Frean's

Red Cross needs your help — join to-day!

H.R. 1

*Bet this'll  
catch your ear!*

YOU MAY BE DEAF to what we tell you about softness in sanitary napkins. After all, we make Modess. You may think we're prejudiced. But what 14,000 American women say should make you sit up and cock an ear!



YOU'LL HEAR 14,000 VOICES! They belong to girls like you—who compared their usual napkin with Modess—in a nationwide test. And 3 out of every 4 found Modess softer! Listen to that!

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3 out of every 4 voted . . .

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SANITARY NAPKINS  
softer

Product of Johnson & Johnson—makers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Tels Toothbrushes and Meds. NO. A-43

**SPECIAL NOTE.** Modess production is dependent on raw materials from overseas. As such supplies are often delayed, it is likely that at times you may not be able to get Modess. We assure you that such shortages are not the fault of chemist or store, but due to uncontrollable war conditions.

## The Road to Tripoli Continued from page 5

"WELL," Hardesty confessed, "it was like this: About ten miles out of town I come on one of our 'six-by-six' trucks going the same way. So I said to myself, 'Well, this fixes it. I'll follow this guy and we're all set.' Right after that we go through a little Arab town, and in the middle of it I notice there is an old Renault parked in front of a joint."

"I keep following this six-by-six, not paying no attention to the roads, on account of I figure HE knows the way. But twice more, we hit a little Arab town, and in the middle of it I notice an old Renault parked in front of a joint."

"So I says to myself, 'Why, that dumb son of a gun is lost.' So, when we come to a fork in the road and he takes one, why, I take the other one, see?"

Wholf was too astounded to reply. "I drive this road," Hardesty continued, "for about an hour, and it begins to get kinda dark. Then all of a sudden I look, and, by golly, there ain't no more road no more. I think," he added after a pause, "I must 'a' dozed off for a minute."

Wholf sat down on the running-board heavily.

Hardesty paced round the truck, staring at the stars. "There's got to be some way we can tell which way is east and which way is west. Lemme think."

"Go ahead and think," Wholf consented wearily. "Personally, I'm gonna break out another can of rations."

He clambered back into the truck and dug round for the rations.

"Hey," he called back over his shoulder, "how's about some music on this radio? We might as well get some use outta the gold-plated thing after all the trouble it's got us into. How do you work it, anyhow?"

Hardesty leaped after him. "Leave that thing alone!" he howled.

He wrenched it out of Wholf's hands, examined it closely, turned the switch on and when the pilot light came on, fiddled with the knobs to see if it was still working. Music began to emerge out of it. He sighed in relief and began to turn the case this way and that way, until the volume was loudest, while Wholf tore at the can of rations.

"Hey!" Hardesty shouted suddenly. "I got it! I got it! I got it! We can find out the directions. It's this radio. It's got loop aeriels in it, see?"

"All I can see is it's got seven guys' bad luck in it."

"There's nothing to it," Hardesty burred enthusiastically. "You noticed how you got to turn it this way and that way, so the stations come in loudest. Well, son, when you got it turned so that the station comes in strongest, why, then, the front of the radio points to where the station is, why, then, naturally, the front points to that direction, and you can figure out the rest easy."

"H'm," Wholf conceded somewhat reluctantly. "I don't see nothing wrong with that figuring."

"Of course not!" Hardesty shouted, slapping Wholf joyfully on the back. "Come on; let's get going. It can't be more than ten or fifteen miles to where our reconnaissance patrols are, and you know the King; he's never more than a couple of whoops behind the patrols."

Once more Hardesty was wrong. At that moment the King was once more in the European-style villa and once more glaring at members of his staff.

"I want you to get one thing straight!" he bellowed. "I didn't invent that regiment of German tanks! The information I have on it, as you should remember, comes straight from G.H.Q., which has it on information it considers reliable! So again I tell you—I want that regiment located, and quickly!"

He whirled on his heels, marched to the courtyard, and began to pace it feverishly.

Midnight, and still the general paced the courtyard. Then there came the stomping of hasty boots, and in tramped another contingent of the staff. The divisional signal officer handed the general a paper.

"Sir, one of our advance reconnaissance patrols picked up a very weak and poorly transmitted radio telegraph signal. It was repeated several times, differing somewhat in details. The operator copied all the transmissions and relayed them to the rear. This is a sort of consolidated transcript, leaving out all

the repetitions. Since there was a considerable difference of opinion among the staff about its genuineness, and since it was addressed to you, it was our judgment that you should see it without delay."

The King took the paper, focused his eyes on it, and read:

"CQ any American outfit. Please deliver this message to General King right away. Dear General, I and Private Wholf been captured by some Germans in some town about 150 miles from Clairefontaine, near as I can figure, by the name of Elnoir, or something. This town is loaded to the roofs with Germans and they also got tanks, medium, and artillery hid in the houses. I do not know why they are hiding, but I figure it ain't from the cops."

"Most of them are hid in the houses in uniforms, but some of them are going round dressed up like Arabs, so it will look like the town is okay. And they got all the real Arabs and a couple of French cops locked up in the old fort."

"They have got Wholf and I showing them our moving pictures of Dorothy Love in 'The Road to Tripoli.' We already give two shows so far, and it looks like we will be at it all night, as we can only get a couple hundred of them into this street at a time, and it seems there is thousands of the krauts hid in these houses."

"We are doing it at the points of guns, and they think it is a funny thing to be seeing our movies. I wish you would make them laugh outta the other side of their mouths, sir. Hardesty."

"P.S.—The way they got the tanks and artillery in the houses is they knocked holes in the walls and then they covered the holes with white canvas so the houses look all right at a distance, but if you come close they will blow you into bird food. I am sending this on your radio, and I am sorry, but the batteries will be all wore out by the time you come and get it. Hardesty."

The King looked up.

"Where is this Elnoir?" he demanded.

One of the officers pulled out a map. "El Nasir. I think it must be. It's a little Arab or Berber village on the edge of the steppe, with a population of about four or five hundred. Ah, right here."

The King turned to the signal officer. "Could they transmit with a portable receiver?"

"H'm," the signal officer replied thoughtfully. "It's possible, but—"

"That settles it!" the King cried,

giving the map a resounding slap.

"We move immediately!"

"But it's fantastic!" the chief-of-staff cried, aghast.

"Precisely," the King agreed. "Fantastic enough so that it's exactly the sort of thing that would happen to Hardesty. Summon the rest of the staff at once."

A corporal and a staff-sergeant sat in a cafe on the Boulevard de la Republique in Algiers, washing down the last mouthfuls of a pair of steaks—for which they would shortly be charged eight dollars apiece—with large quaffs of too new Algerian wine—at four cents a fith.

"I hope," Staff-Sergeant Hardesty said, "my old boss was listening to the radio when they give the story of why I got the medal. He never appreciated what a good radioman I was. That oughta learn him."

"Bah!" Corporal Wholf snorted. "If you fixed radios like you figured out which way was west, they ain't picked up nothing since but dust."

"Anybody is liable to make a mistake," Hardesty protested. "Colonel Grant, the division signal officer, explained it to me. It seems like it don't make any difference if you've got the front or the back of the radio turned toward the station; the station comes in just as loud either way. I must 'a' had the back of the radio turned to London, instead of the front like I thought, and that's why we went east instead of west."

"The colonel says you can't really tell directions with a loop unless you got a sense antenna."

"Which," Wholf muttered, "sense of anything was pretty scarce with you round then."

"Well, it was sure a surprise to me, though, when the King, instead of lifting the roof on account of the radio got blown to bits in the battle, give us this seven-day furlough. It just goes to show that—"

"Forget it!" Wholf interjected. "We got six days left. What we gonna do next?"

"You know?" Hardesty said, "I hear the Red Cross canteen is showing this picture, 'The Road to Tripoli.'"

"Ha!" Wholf gaped. "Why, we run it through eight times that night."

"Yeah, but what with me sitting inside the truck and re-winding the reels with one hand while sending that code with the other hand, I never seen it even once. They tell me it's pretty good."

"Well," Wholf reflected aloud, "I could sleep those parts that Dorothy Love ain't in it."

They stepped out unsteadily into the Boulevard de la Republique. (Copyright)

*When war will be but a memory*



It is good to look back to pre-war days . . . but how thrilling it is to look forward to and plan for the days that lie ahead, when war will be but a memory.

Escapade Lipstick is made under license and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

# Escapade

THE THOROUGHbred OF  
LIPSTICKS





THE FRIVOLOUS frilly touches shown above are made from lace oddments. After making (as described below) pin them on in a way that suits your personality or your frock. If carefully made they will launder over and over again and always look crisp fresh and becoming.

## SCARLET FEVER

● The throat is the source of infection of scarlet fever, not the "peel," as so many think.

By MEDICO

**J**EN-YEAR-OLD Betty Brent was down with scarlet fever. The signs couldn't be mistaken. She had a high fever and was covered with a bright red rash. She also had the "strawberry tongue" that goes with this fever. The tongue is bright red and swollen so as to show tiny pits.

Her mother was almost frantic when I said "scarlet fever." "How on earth did she catch it, Doctor?" she exclaimed. "There's no epidemic now, and Betty has just returned from her holiday."

"Did she arrive home with a sore throat?" I asked. "Yes, she did complain, but I didn't worry over that until . . ." and Mrs. Brent's voice trailed on and on.

Scarlet fever usually comes in epidemics that are at their height in winter. It is infectious, but not as "spreadly" as measles. Like measles, though, one attack gives immunity.

The first signs are the usual chill and a severe sore throat.

Children often vomit for no apparent reason. The fever is generally high, combined with a headache. This is followed by the spots, which are bright red in color, and are about the size of a pin point.

More often than not they start on the neck and chest, then rapidly spread over the body.

The rash lasts for three or four days, then fades.

### LACE FLASHES

**Y**OU can make the dainty lace "clips" illustrated above from odd scraps of lace, and use them at your throat, on your sleeves, as pockets, or in any other way to brighten a tired-looking frock.

First cut a scrap of net or lawn into a half-moon shape, about 5 ins. long by 4 ins. deep. Find centre of the long straight side and stitch down either a motif cut from piece of lace or a tiny circle of edging. From this centre arrange insertions (or strips of piece lace) and edgings alternately until the shape is covered, finishing with edging. Make second shape similarly, then stitch clips or safety-pins at the back for quick and easy adjustment.

until the skin appears to be normal. This is deceiving, because in ten or fourteen days from the beginning of the illness the skin will begin to peel. There is no evidence that the "peel" is infectious. The throat is the source of infection.

Because scarlet fever is so catching, a child or adult should be isolated until the throat has cleared up. But the most infectious stage is very early before the rash appears.

The diet should be fruit drinks and soup during the height of the fever. But the patient's appetite is a safe guide. Give milk, fruit, eggs, wholemeal bread and porridge. Keep eating-utensils separate, and boil them after each meal.

As the poison from the germs in the throat may weaken internal organs, prolonged rest is essential.

It is possible by means of the "Dick" test to find out if you are likely to catch scarlet fever. If you are a possibility you can be immunised.

Immunisation isn't carried out on a large scale because scarlet fever is not a widespread complaint. But if a child or adult is exposed to infection, or if there is a severe epidemic, it is wise to be immunised. Fortunately, scarlet fever is usually mild.

### Cure of the premature baby

By SISTER MARY JACOB  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

**A** PREMATURE baby is one that is born before it is really due to arrive in this world. The infant, therefore, is not fully developed nor equipped to adjust itself to its new environment.

Such a babe—and also a weaking baby—requires special care and handling. Sometimes a tiny life is unnecessarily lost because there is so much ignorance about the treatment it needs.

A leaflet outlining special points in caring for one of these babes has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request with a stamped, addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

N.B.—The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open at the Sydney offices of The Australian Women's Weekly, for interviews and demonstrations, on Tuesday and Friday of each week, from 10.30 a.m. till 12.30 p.m., and from 2 p.m. till 4.30 p.m.



WEAR THEM at elbows or wrists for a change. Another time these lace "clips" can decorate pockets as shown left.

## FRY'S CREAM TABLETS

THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE FOR GENERATIONS

The Kiwi way is the quick, clean way to whiten canvas, kid or buckskin shoes. Just moisten the shoes, squeeze out a dab of Kiwi here and there, and then spread with a moist sponge or soft cloth. Dries quickly, evenly and snow-white. Won't easily rub off . . . a tube will last a season.

6D.

(costs slightly higher)



MAKES WHITE SHOES WHITER



From whatever the cause—  
if you sleep badly  
or suffer from  
nervous strain—  
or are irritable  
and easily  
upset—you  
need a  
restorative  
course of



## CLEMENTS TONIC

N.S. 9/43



## END OF 12 MONTHS HOLIDAY

... Mortein is coming back!

Flies and mosquitoes have had a wonderful time (at your expense!) since Mortein went on war service! But now—because all military requirements are being fully met—Mortein is about to reappear in civilian life. At last you can drop your policy of "appeasement" with these disease-bearing pests. Mortein is coming back to kill them—and insects killed by Mortein STAY killed!

Naturally, hospitals, food manufacturers and people living in unweeded country areas must have first preference—but your chemist or storekeeper will endeavour to meet your essential requirements as early as possible.

WATCH FOR

## MORTEIN

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE



## High tea for SUNDAY!

• It's good for morale to keep meal routine as normal as possible . . . Sunday night suppers can still be managed in the old tradition . . . gay salad platter, once-a-week cake, rather special sweets.

**G**ATHER friends round; it helps keep the chin up. Keep Sunday work-free. Make meals for family and guests informal. Whip up Sunday's dishes on Saturday. Use your brightest china and gayest linen. It's like wearing a flower in your hair!

Here are Sunday specials from our testing kitchen. Have you got better? Remember, there's a readers' recipe page with cash prizes waiting for your kitchen triumphs.

### AUNT CHLOE'S RING CAKE

(A recipe from an American guest. The bouquet of mint leaves in the centre gives a lovely fragrance.)

Five ounces shortening (butter, margarine, or dripping), 5oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 or 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons strained orange juice, 5oz. flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon honey with 1 teaspoon cinnamon for top glazing, small bunch freshly picked mint.

Cream fat, sugar, and orange rind. Beat in the eggs, and then the sifted flour, baking powder, and cornflour, alternately with juice. Turn into a well-greased ring-tin and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Turn out, and while hot brush top with honey and cinnamon. Serve with fresh bouquet of mint in centre of ring.

### FISH SALAD ASPIC

(Serve with new potatoes, tossed in mint while hot, served cold. Radishes and cucumber must accompany fish salad.)

Three cups cooked flaked fish, 2½ cups fish or vegetable stock (strained through a fine cloth), 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, bay leaf, curl of lemon rind, few mint and parsley sprigs, dash of Worcestershire sauce, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon gelatine.

Simmer stock, vinegar, lemon rind, herbs, and sauce for few minutes, and strain. Season well. Dissolve the gelatine in the hot stock. Set a pattern of parsley leaves and red chilli strips, if any available, on the bottom of a ring-mould or small cake-tin. Combine stock and fish. Pour on top and set until firm. Turn out and surround with salad. For four to six.

By

**OLWEN FRANCIS**  
Food and Cookery  
Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

### CRUNCHY COOKIES

(This quantity makes 3 dozen. Make a good batch for Sunday entertaining.)

Half-cup shortening (margarine or dripping), ½ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups cornflakes, 1½ cups dried fruits (mixed, or use currants or sultanas with candied peel).

Cream shortening and sugar and beat in the whipped eggs and lemon juice. Add the sifted flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Fold in the cornflakes and fruit. Drop in spoonfuls on greased tray. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 8 to 10 minutes.

### BAKED CORN AND TOMATOES

(Plenty of corn in the victory garden? This dish goes well with toast fingers.)

One and half cups cooked, fresh corn, stripped from cob, 1½ cups chopped tomatoes, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 dessertspoon good clarified dripping, 1 cup grated cheese.

Combine the vegetables, seasonings, oats, and dripping. Place in greased oven dish, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 20 minutes. For four.

### COFFEE CREAM

(Try this with sliced banana, or topped with passionfruit pulp.)

Two cups milk, 1 cup water, 1½ tablespoons coffee, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2½ tablespoons cornflour.

Scorch coffee slightly in a hot pan. Add water and a pinch of salt. Bring to boil, and then strain.

Blend cornflour with a little cold milk. Combine milk and coffee. Heat, add sugar, and stir in cornflour. Cook slowly for two minutes, stirring well. Pour into a wetted mould. Turn out when cold and set.

### CINNAMON CUSTARD PIE

(Serve topped with stewed apricots, very cold.)

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 3 cups milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 3 eggs.

Roll pastry to fit a fairly deep pie plate. Blend the cornflour and cinnamon with a little milk. Stir in the eggs and the remainder of the milk, warmed. Pour gently into the uncooked pastry case. Cook in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to slow (325 deg. F.) and cook for a further 30 minutes. For four to six.

### TOMATO AND CELERY ASPIC

(Ever go prawning? Try this aspic with prawn salad.)

Three cups clear, strained meat or vegetable stock, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 curl lemon rind, 1 or 2 cloves, few sprigs mint, few celery leaves, 3 soft red tomatoes (fairly large), 1 cup finely diced celery, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon gelatine, pepper and salt.

Simmer stock, vinegar, lemon rind, cloves, mint sprigs, and celery leaves for 5 minutes, and strain. Chop the eggs and mix with the celery. Add to the celery 1 cup stock in which has been dissolved 1½ tablespoons of gelatine. Color green if liked. Chop tomatoes, cook in remaining stock for minute or two, and rub through sieve. This mixture may be colored a deeper red if liked. Dissolve gelatine in tomato mixture. Season both mixtures, and set in layers in 4 to 6 small wetted moulds.

**FOR FIVE-THIRTY TEA, BECAUSE IT'S SUNDAY.** This salad platter serves piquant tomato and celery aspic with tiny vegetable pastry rolls and pies. Make them on Saturday.

### MOULDED POTATO SALAD

(Serve with shredded lettuce and cold minced lamb, moistened with salad dressing and spooned on thick tomato slices, chopped parsley on top.)

Two cups diced cooked potato, 1 cup sliced radish, 1 cup sliced shallot, 1 cup diced celery, 1½ tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup salad dressing or well-seasoned white sauce, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 cup boiling water.

Combine the ingredients and set in a small wetted mould. Turn out on to a bed of shredded lettuce.

### SUNDAY NIGHT VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

(For a coolish week-end.)

Four medium-sized potatoes (halved), 4 small carrots (cut lengthwise), 4 small white onions, 1 cup peas or beans, 1 cup vegetable stock, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 6oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt.

Cook the vegetables separately in small quantity of water in lidded pans. Drain and place in greased casserole or oven tableware dish. Make a sauce by melting butter, adding flour and stirring in vegetable stock and milk. Simmer for three minutes. Add cheese and pour over vegetables. Reheat and brown in oven or grill. For four.

### FRUIT SHERBET

(For lucky refrigerator owners. It's very special.)

Juice of 1 orange and 1½ lemons, 1 banana, 2 tablespoons chopped cherries or pulp of 2 or 3 passionfruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 eggs, green or red coloring.

Crush banana and add fruit juices and cherries or passionfruit pulp. Add sugar. Beat in egg-yolks and water. Freeze to a mush in ice trays, and then whisk well and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to trays and freeze until set. Garnish with mint sprigs, and serve with finger biscuits. For four.

### SALAD CROQUETTES

(Prepare, shape, and coat on Saturday. Cook on Sunday shortly before serving.)

One cup cooked minced lamb, 1 cup creamed potato, 1 cup finely diced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, little milk.

Combine lamb, potato, celery, onion, vinegar, mint, and salt. Moisten further, if necessary, with a little milk. Form into croquettes. Brush with milk and roll in fine browned breadcrumbs. Deep-fry for two minutes until golden brown. Drain. Serve with crisp salad vegetables, greens, carrot sticks, radishes, celery.

**LUCKY DIPS**

The watchword is Economise. So read these tips — they're penny-wise.

P.24.3

1. A dark frock often renews its importance in your life with a new neckline. How about re-cutting it to form a square and running a taffeta ruching round neck and sleeves?

2. If rayon frocks and undies wear out quickly, it may be faulty washing. Rayon threads are delicate when wet. Give your garments a quick run through in tepid Persil suds. You can't go wrong!

3. Ever thought of mending a slit in an umbrella with adhesive tape? It can be darkened with ink afterwards. But be sure the gap is open while you work.

4. Blouses are terribly dear these days, but you can make a delightful one from lace edging. Cut the foundation from cheap cotton and sew on the lace, each row overlapping, before making up the blouse.

5. There's no denying it, white accessories get grubby after just one wearing. Never say, "Oh, they'll do." Wash them in Persil frequently. That makes all the difference between looking smart — or otherwise.





INDIVIDUAL HOT SAVORIES are an appetising preface for a cold salad menu. Creamed fish, vegetable mornay, spaghetti in tomato puree are all-time favorites.



CHEESED AND CRUMBED VEGETABLE SCALLOPS, served piping hot or chilled, are good savory meat substitutes for summer menus. Serve for luncheon or light evening meal.

## Super rabbit recipes top prize list

● Rabbits are in the news. They are uncouped meat, but may be made delicious and satisfying food if carefully cooked. Try these!

The rabbit can be as delicate to the palate as the finest poultry. Soaking removes the wild-game flavor.

White wine, lemon juice, or vinegar gives a necessary piquancy to the casserole of rabbit; interesting seasonings and stuffings give variety and appetite appeal to the roast rabbit. Onion, herbs, and vinegar or wine are needed to give the salad meat a sharper flavor.

Steaming the rabbit for an hour and then crumbing and frying the jointed meat is one of the most appetising of the 101 ways of cooking and serving it.

The first prize this week shows a feeling for the art of cookery. The basting with honey gives a delicately flavored crust to the meat that will be much favored by those who appreciate fine cooking.

### ROAST RABBIT WITH BANANA FILLING

Soak a young rabbit in salted water for a couple of hours. Dry carefully. Prepare a filling of 4 bananas (chopped), squeeze over them the juice of 1 lemon, and sprinkle with 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Add 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Stuff the rabbit with the mixture, then sew up securely. Place in a well-greased baking dish.

Put 2 tablespoons hot water in the dish and pour 1 tablespoon of honey over rabbit. Bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally, until tender and nicely browned. Serve with mashed potatoes and any green vegetable.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Judith Henderson, 4 Warragul, 197 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

### RABBIT IN JELLY

One rabbit, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 onion, 12 peppercorns, sprig of parsley tied in muslin, 1 quart water, 1oz. sheet gelatine.

Cut meat off rabbit, and put it with the bones into a saucepan with water, onion, parsley, peppercorns. Simmer gently 1½ hours. Take off meat, let it cool, and cut into dice.

Let bones and stock continue to simmer till reduced to rather less than a pint.

Decorate a mould with slices of egg. Then dissolve gelatine in the reduced rabbit stock.

Strain stock into a basin, season and add the diced rabbit and a few slices of the hard-boiled egg.

Pour over the prepared mould, let it cool and set.

Garnish with a green salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Sefton, 31 Knox St., Clovelly, N.S.W.

### GRAPE SAUCE

Stalk and wash 5lb. grapes, put them into a saucepan with 1 pint vinegar, 1½lb. sugar, 1in. cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each salt, cloves, allspice, 1 teaspoon whole mace, 2 or 3 chillies.

Bring slowly to boiling point and boil 30 minutes.

Strain and rub through a sieve. Return pulp and liquid to saucepan and simmer gently until mixture thickens to the desired consistency.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Bunt, 34 Howitt St., South Yarra, SE1, Vic.

### STALE BREAD FRITTERS

Pour boiling water over 4lb. stale bread and let it soak, then drain in colander and squeeze dry. Break it



KIDDIES JUST ADORE jellies. Give them fruit set in jelly often during the hot weather. Ruth Hussey, MGM player, pictured above, is making a fruit jelly. Gelatine is dissolved in the hot syrup.

up with fork. Sift 4lb. flour with pinch of salt. Pour 1 egg in the centre and mix it with a small quantity of flour. Then take 1 cup milk and add it gradually and mix to a smooth batter. Beat this well, stir in another 1 cup of milk, and leave it to stand for about 1 hour or more.

When ready to fry, stir bread into batter, then drop it into a deep pan of hot fat in small spoonfuls and fry gently until brown. Drain and fry remainder in the same way. These fritters should be eaten directly they are cooked, as they soon become soft. Serve the fritters with bacon or jam. If liked, a little sugar may be added to the mixture.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Naomi Collins, Orwell, Lillimur, Vic.

## Grow Broccoli this season

BROCCOLI, an excellent green vegetable, is grown for its tender, succulent sprouts, which are produced over a long season at the top of the plant.

The edible portion consists of immature green flower-buds produced on thick, fleshy stalks and the young, small leaves. The first heads produced may be from 1lb. to 1½lb. in weight. More are produced as each crop is cut.

First pickings are usually obtained about sixteen weeks from seed-sowing and the plants frequently crop for two to three months from the first cutting.

Soil requirements are somewhat similar to those for cabbage and cauliflower. Deep, well-dug, fertile ground, rich in nitrogen and phosphoric acid, and ample moisture, and this cut-and-come-again crop will thrive and crop heavily.

Seed can be sown every month until about July. Just a pinch of seed, sufficient to produce about 20 plants at a time, will supply the average family of four or five persons with two cuttings a week for a considerable time.

Plants should be transplanted when about 6 or 8 inches tall and carrying four to six leaves. They need ample space and should be set

out at least 2ft. apart in rows 2ft. 6ins. to 3ft. apart.

Feed regularly with nitrogenous fertiliser or liquid poultry manure.

Broccoli is subject to much the same diseases and pests as cabbage. The cabbage moth grub and white cabbage butterfly caterpillar are the worst pests. These can be controlled in the early stages with lead arsenate powder and with derris root when the heads are forming. Aphids should be sprayed with nicotine sulphate and white oil.—OUR HOME GARDENER.



SPROUTING BROCCOLI is the vegetable of the future—and one that every Australian housewife should include in her kitchen garden. Sow seeds now!



## Get relief now from Indigestion

and after-eating pains

You can rely on HARDY'S to give quick, certain relief from agonising indigestion and stomach pains. HARDY'S is proven throughout Australia as the sure, safe treatment for digestive and stomach disorders.

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INDIGESTION and Ulcerated Stomach POWDER

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Also in the new wartime pack at the same price.



Rich in vitamins—appetising, economical and unrivalled for quality.

## EARN MONEY AT HOME!

Make best quality home-made sweets, 20 VARIETIES. Easy, interesting, highly profitable. LEARN FIRST LESSON! 16 simple lessons with full instructions originally sold at 2/2.10/-, also 12 prime-winning recipes, and a course of instruction on jams and jellies, sent for 2/-. Special Offer. Closes 31st March. Guaranteed genuine, or money refunded. SEND TO-DAY.

HOME INDUSTRIES

166 Bourong St., Sandaherg, Queensland.

## Instant First Aid



'Elastoplast' provides the quickest, safest and most comfortable way of dealing with all minor injuries. Simply clean the wound, strip the protective muslin from the dressing, apply antiseptic pad, and press down the adhesive.

'Elastoplast' Dressings exclude dirt and stay in place until the wound has healed. They are elastic, flesh-coloured, and barely noticeable.

Never neglect the smallest injury. 'Elastoplast' is sold by all chemists in unmistakable RED tins.

There is an 'Elastoplast' dressing for every minor injury. Your Chemist will tell you which one you need.



# Elastoplast First Aid

Made in England



CUTS heal well when protected with 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings



GRAZED KNEES. Clean and dress with 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings



STRAINS and similar injuries derive immediate support from the 'Elastoplast' Adhesive Bandage.

# De Witt's Pills

A GREAT HELP FOR BACKACHE

Backache is often a sign of kidney trouble—heed the danger sign—cleanse and strengthen sluggish kidneys. De Witt's Pills, the trusted formula for prompt and sure relief.

Full directions with each bottle.

PRICES: 1/9, 3/6, 5/9.



# De Witt's Pills

KIDNEY AND BLADDER



# See how they grow

..when you serve  
these vital  
**Wheat** foods

Growing children need (1) **BRAN** for regularity, (2) **CARBOHYDRATES** for muscle and energy, (3) **PROTEINS** for growth and (4) **MINERAL SALTS** for rich red blood and vigorous health. Wheat provides these elements in abundance, so serve **WEET-BIX**, **GRANOSE** or **BIXIES** on your table—with a sprinkling of **SAN-BRAN**, the natural laxative breakfast food.

MRS. WYNIFRED WISEMAN, whose recipes and healthful cooking hints are heard over more than 45 radio stations throughout Australia each week, knows the importance of whole wheat foods to growing children. "Rich in carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts, and the precious vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, wheat is essential to sturdy child development and healthy happy growth," says Mrs. Wiseman. And the easiest and best way of serving whole wheat is in the form of **WEET-BIX** Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits, or **BIXIES** Whole Wheat Flakes. Deliciously flavoured with rich energy-giving malt and sugar—and cooked to crisp flaky perfection in the spotless Sanitarium kitchens—these famous products are made in such a way that the *maximum* goodness of the grain is retained! Ready to serve straight from the packet, you'll find both **WEET-BIX** and **BIXIES** simply delightful with milk, cream or stewed fruit. Or if you prefer a savoury breakfast cereal, try **GRANOSE** Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits, (flavoured only with a little salt.) Obtainable from all grocers.

